PENDRAGON;

OR, THE

Carpet Knight

HIS

KALENDAR.

——*Rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens eſt*
Criminibus, tacitâ ſudant præcordia Culpâ.
Juv. Sat. 1.

Why, let the ſtrucken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep:
So runs the World away.
Hamlet.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

BEcauſe it looks too naked to fall immediately from Title-page to Page the Firſt, the Reader, in lieu of Fig-leaves, or a Screen to come betwixt, is preſented with a ſhort Advertiſement *concerning the Nature, Powers, and Privileges of* Burleſque Verſe.

The Remarks *thereupon, which the late Learned and Ingenious Sir* Thomas Pope-Blount *has collected from the Opinions of ſeveral Men, ſignifie little more than that it is not to be meddled with for fear of doing Miſchief: And ſo it is ſhamefully diſcouraged and Brow-beaten by the* Criticks, *becauſe indeed they themſelves are afraid of it.*

Should we ſuppoſe the Chief of our dead Engliſh Poets *holding a* Seſſions *with thoſe who are now living, I cannot imagine where they would place the Author of* Hudibras: *To ſet him at the*

Upper End of the Table, above the Princes of Epick *and* Heroick, *would be ridiculous; and no leſs ſo, to place him at the Bottom. In my Opinion he ought to be ſet, like* Apemantus *in the Play, at a Side-board by himſelf.* Burleſque *taking the Privileges of that ſurly* Philoſopher, *no wonder if it is treated like him, but ſcurvily. But for the ſame Reaſon, why do not Men of the profoundeſt Literature and deepeſt Science fall foul on* Cornelius Agrippa, *for his ridiculing and ſhewing the* Vanity of Arts and Sciences; *or on* Solomon *himſelf, for his Divine Book of the* Eccleſiaſtes? *But not to go too far that way, I would rather here ſpeak of the Laws of* Burleſque, (*if I knew any it had:*) *It ſtands indeed upon Four Feet; but its Liberties and Privileges are unbounded; and thoſe Four Feet are, I think, by no means oblig'd to be but Eight Syllables; for in place of the Laſt, it is a part of its Excellency ſometimes*

times to have Two, Three, or Four Syllables (like ſo many Claws) crowded into the Time of One Foot. The Duple and Triple Rhyme, *in ſome other* Poetry *much blamable, are Beauties in this: And* Burleſque *eſteems it no Fault, for* Rymes *ſake, to borrow from any Language whatſoever.*

Its Nature is to Ridicule, Flatter, Huff, and Banter, by turns; to Scratch and Claw now, and anon to Grin and Bite like a Satyr.

I am ignorant of the true Reaſon why it is call'd Doggerel; *but I know a witty young Gentlewoman, who has a ſmall Talent that way, and ſhe calls her own* Burleſque, Bitcherel.

It is wonderful to traverſe its Arbitrary Power, how it proceeds without regard to Periods, Colons, *or* Comma's: *How ſometimes it will change* Accents *for the ſake of* Rhyme, *and, according to the moſt vulgar and careleſs Pronunciation, leave out*

out what Conſonants *it pleaſes. It will end the Verſe with a* Prepoſition, *and make* Interjections *at its own* Libitum. *It often uſes* Grammar *ſo ill, that it will baulk* Orthography *it ſelf, rather than not aſſert its own Prerogative. All the* Tropes, Figures, *and* Flowers *in* Rhetorick *bend beneath it. The* Synælepha *and* Apoſtrophe, *like two Executioners, are continually waiting upon its Abſolute Will and Pleaſure. Refining and Poliſhing, which gives Beauty to other* Poetry, *ſpoils this: As if the* Printer *ſhould leave out the Flat Noſe, Goggle Eyes, Hump Back, and Diſtorted Limbs, and call it* The Picture of Æſop. *It will break a Word in Two, and gather up the latter Part of it a good while after, when one would think it was quite loſt. Sometimes it goes on with a long Bead-row of* Monoſyllables *together, and eſteems it no Blemiſh; at another time, one ſingle Word, or two at moſt, ſhall compoſe the whole Line.*

Line. Endleſs it would indeed be to recount its various Qualifications and wild Vagaries, or to ſay how many different Things it is like.

As true Heroick *may be compar'd to a Beautiful Well-dreſs'd Lady, who, when ſhe pays her Viſit, lets down her Train at length, and advances with an even and graceful Motion;* ſo Burleſque *may be likened to her wanton Chamber-maid, with her Petticoats tuck'd up, in her Maſque and Pattens, who walks, runs, ſtumbles, ſtops, looks about, and laughs, and perhaps all in leſs than a Minute.*

Among many other Compariſons, (which are Odious) one of the worſt Things Burleſque *may be likened to, is* Mr. Bays's *fierce* Heroe *in the* Rehearſal; *who frights his Miſtriſs, ſnubbs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, Good Manners, or Juſtice: And yet after all, this frightful Thing does no more harm, when ſet upon*

on proper Subjects, than Dogs that kill Vermin.

If the Author of Hudibras *had a right or took liberty to ridicule particular Factions and Perſwaſions, as he thought them faulty, ſure another Man muſt needs have the ſame Privilege to expoſe thoſe who are apparently miſchievous to Society, and deſtructive to good Eſtabliſh'd Government. Though I doubt whether ever any Man will ariſe with ſo tranſcendent a* Genius *and happy Talent for this purpoſe, as* Mr. Butler; *and great Pity it was, as well as Shame, that in one reſpect he was ſuffer'd to fall ſo low at the laſt.*

If our Author *be miſtaken in his Conceipts about* Burleſque, *he preſumes his Errors are of no dangerous Conſequence; and for that Reaſon, is little concern'd about them. Therefore, without detaining the* Reader *any longer, he is deſir'd to fall to the following* Pages, *and make the beſt of them.*

PEN-

PENDRAGON;

OR, THE

Carpet Knight

HIS

KALENDAR.

January's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

After a decent Introduction,
Our Muſe *for better Satisfaction,*
Craves Aid and begs Aſſiſtances
From the moſt valu'd Friend ſhe has;
Then gives Pendragon's *Character*
While he ſate writing in his Chair.

CANTO.

I Sing the Man of ſtrange Renown,
For Letters, not for Warfare known;
Who did his Reputation raiſe
From Skill in Style and Languages;
From ranging Words in Order, and
Keeping o'r Alphabet's Command,
Which far and wide diſpers'd his Name,
And got him Dignity and Fame.
For Knighthood (the Reward of Fighting)
Was given him only for his writing.

Not but the Gown does oft afford
As Noble Honours as the Sword;
The Gown diſtinguiſhes Degrees
Of Men, in different Faculties,
And tells us at a diſtance who
Is walking off, or coming to;
And *Ermins*, Scarlet Robes and Furs,
Are deem'd as worſhipful as Spurs:

Yet

Yet our fam'd Knight ow'd his Preferments
To none of these exalted Garments;
For his Advancement came alone,
From's Morning, Night, or Studying-Gown.

In former Days when Times were scurvy,
And Government turn'd Topsie-turvy:
When Rulers who should give Protection,
Sate to administer Destruction;
To change establish'd Property
To Bigottry and Slavery:
When Pulpit *Bont'feu's* beat Alarms,
And Evidences rose in Swarms;
Whose Business was to cut the Weazon
Of others differing in Persuasion:
Tho' in declaring Overt Acts,
Like makers of our Almanacks,
In giving Judgment of the Weather,
No two of them Agreed together:
When greatest Virtues did but render
The Man the greater an Offender:

When *Scribere* in a Private Nature,
Was *Agere* to make a Traytor:
When Lord Chief Juſtices had Claws,
And Daggers lay wrapt up in Laws;
Then did Sir Knight, put Flame to Taper,
Elbow to Board, and Pen to Paper.

Now, tho' 'twas very Cold, he wrote
As if the Seaſon had been Hot;
Tho' *Sol* thro' *Capricorn* was hying,
His Brains were ſtill in *Cancer* frying;
He would maintain there could no Fault
Poſſeſs a Miniſter of State,
Who acting by his Prince's Will,
By that was ſafe from doing Ill;
Nor was he fit to be reſtrain'd
By any publick Laws o'th' Land:
He taught all Subjects to obey,
Diſpenſing, Arbitrary Sway;
And who this Doctrine druſt deny
He'd prove a Foe to Monarchy:

He

He chiefly bent the Nib of's Pen
To write againſt the Golden Mean;
To prove Men Wiſe and Moderate
Were Enemies to Church and State;
That to be ſtill, and void of Action,
Sedition was and downright Faction;
And who in Speech was ne'er ſo ſilent,
In Thought was repreſented Violent.
'Twas thus his Fingers ſought to cripple,
And ham-ſtring the King's beſt Leige-People,
By laying about him might and Main,
Daily with Paper, Ink and Pen.
Whence (tho' the Sound be ſomewhat *Pagan*)
Came his acquir'd Name *Pendragon*.
And who but he in that vile Age
In ſuch Deſigns ſo fit t' engage?
A plyant Tool, oblig'd with Knighthood
And large Rewards, he was excited
To ſerve the Times through all Exceſſes,
And on foul Deeds to put fair Faces,
Untill he grew to be the great
Prevaricator of the State:

Thus all true *Engliſhmen* he found,
Pendragon with his Pen *dragoon'd.*
Succeſs in Sham and Banter made him
Proceed where-e'er the Maggot led him;
That Maggot which doth turn and wind
The greateſt Part of Humane Kind.

All hail thou mighty Worm which reigns
Lord-Paramount in Mortals Brains,
Patron of Whimſeys, and the Itches
Of Fancy, and the Mind's Capriches;
Who grave Philoſophers and wiſe
Haſt made to write in Praiſe of Lice,
Fleas, Aſſes, Dogs, and Cats, and Owls,
Hermaphrodites, and Apes, and Fools:
Thou who inſpir'ſt Diſeaſe and Phrenſy,
Grief and old Age with Wit and Fancy,
Canſt teach Men tortur'd with the Pox,
To eaſe their Pain by breaking Jokes;
And make the Raging of the Gout
Into Poetick Rage break out:
Thou who giv'ſt Coronets of Bays
To Lords and to Apprentices;

And haſt thy Garlands ready made
And fiz'd to every faſhion'd Head,
I beg th' Aſſiſtance all along
To the Concluſion of my Song:
Teach me new Notes, and as I do ſing,
To think well of my own Compoſing.
Let me be poſitive and bold,
As *Bays* of late, and *Ben* of old;
And whatſoever Self brings forth,
Applaud it as a thing of Worth:
And as with a Crane-neck the Chariot
Makes ſhorter Turns and quicker for it,
So give me the *bein Tourn* of Doggerel,
That Muſe may drive on, and not clog her Wheel:
Send me one Rag of *Butler*'s Mantle,
And I can never fail to Cant well:
Butler! the beſt of *Buccaneers*,
Who taught us Pyracy in Verſe;
From whom the boldeſt Criticks run,
And dare not ſtay to fire a Gun:
May they no leſs my Rhymes come near,
Or I their *Patarero's* fear.

But if our Senſe obtains, and Meaſures
Contribute to a Prince's Pleaſures;
If he eſteem 'em worth Recital,
We hope he'll think 'em worth Requital;
And not let (*Butler*-like) the Founder
Neglected live, and run aground here.

So much by way of Invocation:
Now we'll proceed, without a Paſſion,
And ſuffer no warm Thoughts to hurry us,
While the *Sun*'s tugging through *Aquarius*;
While nipping Froſts, and Snows, and Hail,
With Cold, and piercing Winds, prevail;
While the Nights yet continuing long,
Yield no good Subject for a Song.

Let there a rowſing Fire be made:
Suppoſe it done as ſoon as ſaid:
Then draw the folding Table near,
And place by that an Elbow-Chair;
To which be Sir *Pendragon* put in,
With all his Magazines about him,

Of

Of Paper, Wax, Wafers, and Sand,
A well-cut Pen in his Right-hand,
On his contracted Brows he wears
A goodly Cap of Sable Furs;
A Neckcloth round his Neck is ty'd
Of fineſt Muſlin flying wide;
From Head to Foot he's cover'd down
With the ſaid gawdy Studying Gown,
Made of a Flower'd Silk, whoſe Kind is
Richeſt of *Perſia*'s or th' *Eaſt-Indies*;
Which, with his Slippers of the ſame,
To publick view was all that came.

His Perſon's very tall and ſtraight,
Exceeding much the common Height,
Could we but make him ſtand upright.
His Body, had it been exhibited
Naked, One might have told each Rib it had:
A Man ſo Lathy, long, and lean,
Is very rarely to be ſeen.
The Figure of his Face is Oval,
Not broad at bottom, like a Shovel;

Though

Though on ſiniſter part of Gullet
Appears a Poke, or fleſhy Wallet,
A ſtrongly radicated Tumour,
Caus'd by an old Malignant Humour,
Which he who skill'd in Phyſicks Trade is,
Doth term the *Scrophula*, or *Chœrades:*
Yet if our Knight did ever ſhew
In *Lombards* Vale at *Bergamo*
His Viſage, with this Modiſh Swelling,
No Man would there adviſe its Healing:
For 'tis in Faſhion ſo, the ſame is
Eſteem'd an Ornament, no Blemiſh;
And one would ſwear, he had ſo far gone
Being vers'd in their peculiar Jargon,
Which imitated very much is
By fam'd *Buffoons* and *Scaramouches.*
But not to ſuffer a Digreſſion
To put us by our proper Leſſon:
After the Colour of his Hair,
We term him of Complexion Fair;
His Eyes were of the lively Hazel,
And Eye-brows large became his Face well;

His

His Noſe well-ſhap'd, on Top of which
Was fix'd the *Ciceronian* Fetch,
An *Index* of his Rhetorick,
That is of Eloquence and Trick.
His Viſage wore an eager Air,
Keen as the Seaſon of the Year;
His Forehead ſhone like Burniſh'd Braſs;
Bright and Caſe-hardned was his Face,
Which nothing Foul could touch or take,
But worſe it ſtill reflected back:
Such was the Nature of the Mirrour,
To render no Idea's fairer.
But the beſt Part about the Man
Many will have to be his Brain,
Always a working, never idle,
Ev'n when he takes in hand the Fiddle.
In vain the Harmony's deſign'd
To quell the Diſcords of his Mind;
The Faculties whereof were ſtrong,
Though conſtantly directed wrong.
His Fancy too was moſt Luxurious,
And fertil of an Off-ſpring ſpurious.

His

His Memory had Manſions many,
And ſome as fair and large as any;
But ſtill the faireſt and the beſt
Were took up by th' fouleſt Gueſt.
For Slanders vile, and lying Stories
Lodg'd in its choice Repoſitories,
Whilſt all their Doors were ſhut and barr'd
'Gainſt Worth and Merit very hard.
His Reaſon which of Right ſhould Reign
The lawfull Monarch of his Brain,
Was by his Will depos'd, whoſe Rule
Deſpotick was as Great *Mogul*,
Would not be bound in any Caſe
By any Reaſonable Laws,
Nor other *Magna Charta* own,
Than *what I pleaſe, That ſhall be done.*
Thus Qualify'd (while we take Breath)
Let him write Dagger out of Sheath:
Under Pretence of pulling down
The Enemies to Church and Crown,
He proves the worker of the Fall
Of Scepter, Diadem and Ball:

While

While thoſe *Regalia* he would pitch
So high above all Humane Reach,
They are but lodg'd the leſs ſecure,
And can't from Age to Age endure.

February's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

The Squire comes next as neceſſary,
To ſerve the Knight to fetch and carry:
His Name is told, with a Relation
Of Perſon, Birth, and Education.
All Things ſucceed to both their Wiſhes,
While the Sun flounders on thro' Piſces.

CANTO.

HE wants no Campany's Enjoyment,
Whoſe Mind affords him full Employment.
If then laſt Month our Knight was ſhown
By himſelf, yet was he not alone;

For

For he kept e'ry Faculty
Within him buſie as a Bee;
Which would be glad of an Occaſion,
To get a little Recreation:
Such conſtant Labour, and Turmoyling
Without Relief's enough to ſpoil one;
To fetch Materials, and imploy 'em,
Are two Men's Work, who e'er injoys 'em;
As Sir *Pendragon* beſt can tell,
Who by Experience ſenſible,
Performing both, found the Fatigue
Was even for himſelf too big;
When Fortune pitying his Condition,
Sent him Help-meet without Petition.

For Fame did now the Labours bear,
Of Sir *Pendragon* far and near;
Whoſe writings took a larger Flight,
Than e'er was reach'd by Paper-Kite:
Each Week produc'd an Obſervator,
Stuff'd with variety of Matter;

Which

Which rais'd much Duſt, and made a Noiſe
'Mongſt Men of ſhallow Thoughts, and Boys:
'Twas a ſupply to Womens Prattle,
At Goſſipings, and half their Tattle;
Beſides the Capers, and the Fleurets,
It gave to little Prieſts and Curates;
It rais'd the Paſſions and the Spleen,
By various Means, in divers Men;
Some wept, ſome laught, and that which tickl'd
One Sort, by others was ridicul'd;
Run down, and mockt, and much deſpis'd,
Howe'er by th'adverſe Party priz'd:
For no ſmall Numbers were of thoſe
Who fancy'd them of wondrous Uſe;
'Mongſt whom there was a certain Squire
Whoſe Elements were all of fire.
His Salt, and Sulphur, acted by
His ſublimated Mercury,
Diſpos'd him to Euthuſiaſticks,
Of different Kinds to *Pryn*'s or *Baſtwick*'s:
Who would his Thoughts ſometimes expreſs
In ſtiff Bombaſt, affected Phraſe;

And

And at another time he'd talk
As blundringly as other Folk.
Reading the Doctrine of the Knight,
He ſtrangely was affected by 't,
Broke out into *Soliloquy's*,
Of which, 'mongſt others, one was this.
" Were Fortune in my Power, or wou'd
" She condeſcend to what I ſew'd,
" O make (quoth he) 'tis all I ask her,
" *Pendragon* King of *Madagaſcar*,
" And let me be the (What d' ye call it?)
" His Vice-Roy there, the *Athe'madoulet.*
But upon ſecond Thoughts he found
Such idle Wiſhes wanted Ground;
That the Conceit was vain and airy,
And a fantaſtical Chimæra:
Wherefore reſolves on Application
To th' Knight, and takes the firſt Occaſion.
He all Impediments removes,
Calls for his Sword, and Hat, and Gloves,
And his beſt Wigg; then out he goes,
To find *Pendragon* at his Houſe.

The

The Walk could not be very far
To *Old-Bourn* High, from *Old-Bourn* Bar.
How he was introduc'd, the Greeting,
And Complements at their first Meeting,
I chuse to pass: Let it suffice,
That after two or three Replies,
The Squire declares the vast Deserts
Of Sir *Pendragon*, and those Parts
Which all the Kingdom so admires,
Brought him to pay him his Devoirs,
To tell him, none could truly blazon
His great Atchievements, or do Reason
To such a Pillar of the Nation,
Unless the King of Arms, the *Garter*,
Would make his Hand and Pen Supporter.
Fie, (cry'd *Pendragon*) Sir, forbear
To talk of things I must not hear;
Your Goodness sets too great a Value
On my poor Labours; yet I'll tell you,
There are some think the things I write here
Do Service both to Crown and Mitre,

Becauſe conſiderable Gains
Are ſent me to reward my Pains,
Which are not little, (tho' I ſay't)
And ſometimes preſs me with their Weight,
That I have very often wiſht,
I had a Friend, who could aſſiſt
Me with Intelligeuce, and give notice
Concerning ſome who live remoteſt.
Sir, quoth the Squire, (for it was that
He came on purpoſe to be at)
I'll undertake in all reality
Of Truth, Affection, and Fidelity,
If you dare let on me the Truſt lie,
This Province to diſcharge moſt juſtly.
I thank you, Sir, with all my Heart,
(*Pendragon* ſaid) then e'er we part,
'Tis needful we confer about
What Method's beſt to proſecute.
For, *Two Heads better are than one,*
And, *Bow long bent, will weaken ſoon.*
The Squire then elevates his Poll,
And with the Knight lays Cheek by Jowl;

Mean while they're ſet ſo cloſely to't,
And wink, and nod, and ſcowl, and plot,
We'll leave 'em making ſcurvy Faces,
And tell you what the Squire's Caſe is.

Tho' Critick, with Objection ſmarteſt,
Crys out, This is not like an Artiſt,
Some other Perſon ſhould be near
In call, to give the Character:
We'll grant, perhaps 'tis better ſo;
Howe'er, let Maſter Critick know,
The Thing lies properly before us;
For *Muſe* and *Author* make a *Chorus*.
But if it be a weighty Matter,
It ſhall be otherwiſe hereafter:
For this Time we'll take ſpecial care
In managing the Squire's Affair.

Whoſe Name on Working-days was *Hugh*;
But, not to curtail what's his Due,
With loftier Tone, and better Phraſe,
He's *Hugo* call'd on Holy-days:

Which ſignifies to ſlaſh, and cut,
And to bring comfort ev'ry foot:
It double Myſt'ry does reveal,
Of Power as well to wound as heal.

As for his Perſon, (not to flatter)
He was exceſſive low of Stature;
The true Reverſe to's Knight in that,
Not only ſhort, but thick and fat.
'Twas not his Fault, but his Miſhap,
To be of *Punchenello's* Shape.
But what in's outward Man Offence is,
His inward highly recompences.
To give you therefore but a Glance,
Or Copy of his Countenance:
You ne'er a Feature in't behold,
But what is maſculine and Bold,
Much like the Sign of *Saracin*,
With formidable Laugh and Grin,
Which ſhew'd as fine a Set of Teeth
As Chaps were ever furniſh'd with;

No Lady's, nor her Dog's, were ſeen
More even, elegant, and clean.
No better hung, or faſhion'd Ear,
E'er was, (allowing Wear and Tare:)
For one with *Spaniſh* VVooll was ſtopt,
The other by Offences cropt:
Both which his Perriwig does hide,
Unleſs in Puff behind 'tis ty'd.
For (tho' in Years) he wore his Clothes
After the Faſhion of the *Beaux*.

His Birth was very Mean, his Father
By Trade, was one that dealt in Leather;
Of honeſt Calling, had his End
Been ſo, and without Reprimend:
But Diſcontents afforded String,
To give himſelf a mortal Swing.

Let no Man *Hugh* for this deride,
VVho got the Proverb on his Side,
VVhich ſays, *That happy Son ſhall live well,*
Whoſe Father goes before to th' Devil.

Latin he got (at School a Novice)
More than he needed in his Office:
Bred up he was at Inn call'd *Thavy's*,
(VVhich (ſome ſay) ne'r without a Knave is)
VVhere *Hugh* got Skill enough in Law,
Both to find out, and make a Flaw:
Could raiſe a drooping Cauſe, 'twas known,
By *Affidavits* of his own;
And tho' he found it in the wrong,
His Client's Cauſe would ſtill prolong;
And when at laſt he brought his Bill in,
Could change a Groat into a Shilling:
Defective Settlements could *Fumpus*,
And make Will valid of *Non compos.*
So qualifi'd, he bent his Labours
To grind and terrifie his Neighbours;
VVhich ſoon enrich'd him to that height,
To purchaſe Mannor with Eſtate:
VVhen out there comes a Tax on Poll,
VVhich asks Five Pounds from willing Fool;
Hugh paid it by his own deſire,
And from that Hour commenc'd Eſquire;

(Tho'

(Tho' paying Money on that Score,
Makes no Man that he wan't before.)

I've heard of three Degrees of Squireſhip,
VVhich canvaſs'd, bear not equal VVorſhip.
Hugo was Squire, Squiret, or Squirt;
But which, let *Bluemantle* concert,
Rouge Croix, *Rouge Dragon*, or *Portcullis*,
Or any elſe, in whom true Skill is.

Next, when the Hunt in every Quarter
VVas up 'gainſt Corporations Charter,
None made more loud and hideous Noiſe,
VVith open and extended Jaws;
None ſet them on, and cry'd *Haloo*,
More frightfully and fierce than *Hugh:*
If willingly you make Surrender,
'Twill be receiv'd with greateſt *Tendeur*;
And for your old and mouldy Charter,
You ſhall have new one, with new Fair t' her:
But ſome o' th' Privileges you had,
You muſt acknowledge forfeited:

VVhich, if y' are ſtubborn, and will ſtand to
Defend; the dreadful *Quo Warranto*
Shall come, and make upon't a Seizure;
And then reduc'd to VVill and Pleaſure,
Ye Rebel Rogues, who merit none,
May ev'n go whiſtle for 't, when gone.
Hard VVords put many into Frights,
And Knaves and Fools gave up our Rights;
VVho both of Senſe and Conſcience void,
The Birth-rights of Unborn betray'd.

In Management of theſe Affairs
Hugh and *Pendragon* bore their Shares:
Hugh terrified them like a Beadle,
Pendragon did both threat and wheadle.

By this time the Politick Scheme
VVas finiſh'd betwixt both of them:
Pendragon had his Part, and *Hugh*
VVas taught as well to know his Cue:
VVhen in there breaks a ſweaty Fellow,
And crys, Sir, I've good News to tell you;

I've

I've brought you Three and thirty Pound,
From Town where *Tory* Fools abound:
I wiſh 'twas double, for your ſake;
The Parſons gave you half the Stake.
I thank you, Friend, (quoth Knight) and ſtar'd;
Go out, and thou ſhalt find Reward.

Applying then to truſty *Hugo*,
Sir, let me tell you, before you go,
VVe'll manage Matters well betwixt us,
And be reveng'd of all that vex't us.
You ſee a Sample here is ſent me,
(Tho' I confeſs 'tis ſomewhat ſcanty)
VVhich does afford us fine Refreſhings;
But greater Towns ſend greater Bleſſings.
The Univerſities have ſent me
Of *Guineas* and Crown-pieces plenty.
The next Purſe we together ſhare.
Quoth *Hugh*, Your humble Servant, Sir:
And left (when he had took his leave)
Pendragon laughing in his Sleeve.

March's

March's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

Sol *having now beſtrid the* Ram,
The Lady next our Verſe does claim;
Of whom to give Account at large,
Laurence *the Curate takes in Charge:*
Who quits himſelf ſo well i' th' Matter,
He ſets Pendragon's *Chaps a water.*

CANTO.

NO longer can our Muſe forbear
To ſing the charming Lady fair:
The Lady fair would think it VVrong
To be neglected in our Song;
VVhen ſuch a Subject ought to raiſe
Our Meaſures, and our Roundelays.

Some

Some ſing in lamentable Strains,
Of Shepherdeſſes and their Swains,
VVho cry to *Echo* for Relief,
And after Heart-ſtealer, *Stop Thief.*
Others ſing merry drunken Catches,
Of beating Conſtables and VVatches.
One in Heroick Numbers ſings
Of Lovers, Battels, Hero's, Kings,
Of Sieges, Conqueſts, Fire, and Sword,
Of Storms, and Throwing over Board,
(The dreadful Ornaments of Story.)
Another ſings plain *Tory-Rory.*
The firſt is of too mournful Nature,
And far too trivial is the latter,
To be the Subject of our Muſe,
VVho rather is diſpos'd to chuſe
This happy late-ſucceſsful Track,
Than a long painful Journey take,
In ſearch of Chronicles and Legends
Of ancient Times, and diſtant Regions,

For One whoſe mighty Deeds are yet hid,
And in no Meaſures celebrated.
Here's nothing tore from tatter'd Hiſt'rys;
But 'tis a Modern Knight and Miſtriſs
We ſing, whoſe powerful Charms and Wheadles
Encreaſe Love's Myſteries and Riddles;
Whoſe airy Mein, and amorous Glances,
Out-vie the Beauties of Romances;
Who with ſmall Love-tricks makes more Conqueſts
Than they can when their Charms are ſtrongeſt;
Which more agreeable may be
Than Hum-drum Love and Conſtancy.

For when the curious *Calprenedy*,
Or *Scudery*, hath fram'd a Lady
Of fineſt Beauty, Shape, and Wit,
To captivate a Heroe fit,
Yet then is this Celeſtial Creature
(Maugre the private Pulls of Nature)
Ty'd up by Gallantrys to move
In the Religious Laws of Love;

Not

Not budge a Step from Honour's Poſt,
But to maintain't at any Coſt.
A more ſevere and rigid Duty
Than ought to be impos'd on Beauty;
Beauty, which ſhould be free as Air,
And, as *SELENA*, void of Care.
For She does all Reſtraint aboliſh,
As a thing troubleſom and fooliſh.
In ſpite of Love, ſhe'll have her Humour,
And Frolicks, in deſpite of Rumour.
She's ſtrangely various in her Actions,
As in her Will, and her Affections:
She's merry, ſullen, prays, or ſwears,
According as her Maggot ſteers:
For almoſt all ſhe does perform,
Is under Conduct of the Worm.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, my Muſe, to take upon ye
That which requires more Ceremony:
'Tis fitting you proceed no further,
Without the Help of Man in Orders,

Who

Who more o'th' Siſters can command,
And has the Graces too at hand.

And ſuch there was in *Grays-Inn* Walk
At this time, buſie held in talk
With Sir *Pendragon*, whom he claw'd
With Flattery, and fulſom Laud.
Beſide, the Clapper of his Tongue
On Twenty other Subjects rung.
But with the moſt delight, his Chimes
Were tun'd to th' Changes of the Times:
He told him, he was overjoy'd
That Places were ſo well imploy'd
In Church and State, and all Promotions
Giv'n to the Followers of his Notions.
Pendragon exercis'd Forbearance,
While thus he was addreſs'd by *Laurence*,
So was he call'd, a Curate, (yet
A Biſhop in his own Conceit)
When happily a ſudden Object
Diverts them from the preſent Subject.

Pray

Pray (quoth *Pendragon*) who was that
Whom you ſaluted with your Hat?
She ſeems as brisk as ſhe is fine.
Sir, 'tis one Miſtris *Thomaſine*,
Laurence reply'd; ſhe ſerves a Lady,
The fair *Selena*. Hah! what ſaid ye?
Selena! She's a *Nonparielle*,
I'm told, by thoſe that know her well.
Quoth *Laurence*, Let me tell you, Sir,
She gives me leave to viſit her:
She's certainly the charming, prettieſt,
The ſweeteſt Creature, and the wittieſt
Of all her Sex that e'er was known.
Then, prethee, let us both ſit down,
(Quoth Knight) and favour me to hear
Her true impartial Character,
That I may gratifie a Friend.
Quoth *Laurence*, That you may command.

She's very ſlender, clean, and ſtraight,
Rather above the common Height,

And of as delicate a Shape,
Perhaps, as ever ſuffer'd Rape:
Somewhat ſhort-waſted if ſhe is,
She has't again in Legs and Thighs;
Theſe round and large, thoſe long and neat,
With very pretty little Feet.

How, (ſaid *Pendragon*) Sir, d'you know't?
Ha' you been beneath her Pettycoat?

Not ſo, Sir, neither, (*Laurence* ſaid)
I learnt it lately from her Maid,
And therefore give me leave to know:
But to her upper Parts I'll go,
Where nothing can be fanſied faulty;
Her Forehead, as it ſhould be, 's haughty;
Her Eye-brows cut, and gumm'd, and laid well,
According to the neweſt Model.

Her Eyes, thoſe flattering Looking-glaſſes,
Make Bearded Men's, ſeem Baby's Faces;

Whate'er

Whate'er Deformities inſpect them,
All Prettineſs they back reflect them;
And 'tis the eaſieſt thing they do,
They can be kind, and cruel too
At the ſame time, and with a Twinkle
Give Life, and Death when ſhe don't think ill.
Poetick Rapture now would ſwear,
The God of Love himſelf comes there,
To point his Darts, that in her Eyes
His Arms and Ammunition lies,
Ready to do on Lookers-on
All killing Execution.
But when ſh' has no Deſign to ſlay,
They can ſend forth a gentler Ray,
And with ſhort Looks, and languiſhing,
Revive the miſerable Thing.

Her Air's agreeable, and each Feature
Extremely Beautiful, or better:
The length and largeneſs of her Noſe,
Her ſtrength of Conſtitution ſhows:

The Heat and Redneſs of her Lips
Gives balmy Kiſs, when Lover ſips;
The riſing Plumpneſs of her Breaſt,
Argues its fitneſs to be preſt.
Sh' has not a Pimple, Mole, or Wart,
Without a Cauſe ſufficient for't.

Theſe are peculiar Charms, (quoth Knight)
Which you as pleaſantly recite:
But I'll not break the well-ſpun Thread
Of your Diſcourſe: Sir, pray proceed.

Her Hair is of a lovely Brown,
So too is her Complexion,
Which ſhe can, with the greateſt eaſe,
Correct, and alter, as ſhe pleaſe,
By mixing Red and White, and look as
Fair as ſhe liſt, by help of *Fucus*:
(Who, ſince ſhe ſo does ſtill appear,
She may be call'd the Lady Fair.)
Nor is ſhe leſs acquainted with
The Arts of Patching, Cleanſing Teeth,

Scenting

Scenting, Perfuming, making ſweet
Her Breath, and keeping clean her Feet;
All which, with nipping out of Worms,
She moſt judiciouſly performs.
She's knowing in all ſorts of Dreſſes,
Tippets, Commodes, and Points, and Laces,
And wearies out her poor Tire-woman
With Language underſtood by no Man.
For many times ſhe doth affect
A moſt peculiar Dialect,
Which is good *Engliſh* ſlic't and maſh't,
With dry *French* Scraps together haſh't,
Before 'tis modify'd enough
For fair *Selena*'s pretty Mouth;
And then ſhe liſps it out, and breaks
It 'twixt her Teeth the while ſhe ſpeaks.
After this manner of Preparing,
The Subſtance of't is worth the Hearing.
She'll talk of Lovers Services,
How ſome with furious Addreſs
Attack her; others fawn and creep,
Complain, and always whine and weep.

She'll tell ſad Stories, how her cruel
Beauties have cauſed many a Duel;
What Huffing, Tilting, has been for her,
By this and that enrag'd Adorer;
What witty Verſes have been made
Upon her, and what fine things ſaid;
How *Beaux's* in Songs have often own'd her
Their Miſtriſs, and how ſome Lampoon'd her:
Who, cauſe ſhe is not to be caught
By them, do call her all to naught:
A Trick, which tho' ſo many have,
'Tis ungenteel, and like a Knave.

She knows each wanton Artifice,
To wheadle, vex, delight, and teaze;
With Subtilty and gentle Art
To ſqueeze the Hand, and bruiſe the Heart;
To throw Pretender off with Scorn,
Then draw him on like Shooing-horn.

When Fingers, Countenance, and Speech
Act contradictory to each,

How

How can the cunning'ſt Lover know
Which of them to give Credit to?

Of all the Town-Accompliſhments,
There's none of any Worth ſhe wants;
She dances rarely well, and plays at
The faſhionable Game of *Baſſet*.
But wherein moſt ſhe doth exceed,
She ſings extremely fine indeed:
Nor is 't ſo difficult a thing
In Company to make her ſing;
She ſeldom pleads the want of Uſe,
A Cold, or Hiccough, for Excuſe;
That ſhe has lately loſt her Voice,
And ſhall but fright you with the Noiſe:
Delays which very oft the Pretty
Will practiſe when they love Intreaty;
'Cauſe that which hardeſt Labour coſt
In getting, 's always valu'd moſt.
The gay *Selena*'s never wont to
Strain for a Nicety or Punto;

But as her preſent Humour is,
Acts pleaſantly, or otherwiſe:
For if ſhe ſays, ſhe will not do't,
The Devil's ſelf can't bring her to't.
She's worth Five thouſand Pounds for certain;
But it may be too long t' entertain
You with the Means how ſhe came by't.
I'll look upon my Watch (quoth Knight.)
Odds Bobbs! crys he, 'tis after Four,
I've ſlipt my Time above an Hour.
I find ſhe's of tranſcendent Worth,
And you, in ſetting of it forth.
Much thanks t' you for this great Diverſion:
Better Acquaintance with your Perſon
I covet; and good Luck be wi' you;
Pray be ſo kind to let me ſee you.
Quoth *Laurence*, I ſhall ſoon find Leiſure
To give my ſelf ſo great a Pleaſure.
So they ſhook Hands, when at the Parting
Pendragon felt unuſual Smarting
About his Heart; beſide, he itch'd
All o'er, as if h' ad been bewitch'd.

Little

Little (thought he) did I conjecture
To be affected with his Lecture
To ſuch Degree; it fires my Blood:
I'll get Acquainted with the Toad;
And muſt (if poſſible) poſſeſs
The pretty charming Sorcereſs.

Love bears an univerſal Sway,
Whom Swains and Emperors obey:
The wiſe Philoſopher, and Fool,
Bows to his Epidemick Rule.

April's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

The Knight takes little Eaſe and Pleaſure
With Thoughts of Madam, till he ſees her.
Cutbeard *the Barber comes to ſhave him,*
Who ſome Account of Laurence *gave him:*
And (Cutbeard *having told him where*)
Knight finds the Lady out at Pray'r.

CANTO.

NOthing compleatly proves a Boon
Without Alloy, beneath the Moon:
Either the Cook, or Meat, or Sawce,
Yields ſomewhat to diſreliſh us.
The Curate's Tale, which ſtruck the Knight
At firſt with Pleaſure and Delight,

Afforded

Afforded him Proportion equal
Of Grief and Trouble in the Sequel:
For Love, which enter'd like an Earwig,
Teaz'd him on th' inſide of his Perr'wig,
And, like an Humble-Bee, it does
Occaſion mighty *Hum* and *Buz*.

He takes quick Turns about the Room;
Then ſtopping ſhort, t' himſelf cries, Hum!
Am I a Man reputed Great
For Learning, Loyalty, and Wit?
Who Complements receive, and Pence,
From People, Parſons, Peers, and Prince;
Preſents of Puddings, Pigs, and Pies,
From kind Inhabitants o' th' Skies,
Or more obliging mortal Dames,
Who all conceal from me their Names:
Variety of ſuch Good Things
Still one or other Porter brings,
Tho' none of them will tell the Sign
So much as of the Carrier's Inn.

I ſay,

I ſay, I, who have been careſt
So greatly, find my ſelf diſtreſt;
Amidſt a Multitude of Friends,
I want to bring about my Ends;
I want to know how, where, and when a
Sight may be got of this *Selena:*
Then I ſhall want as much to chat,
And hold Diſcourſe with the Prit-prat,
To get Acquaintance more familiar,
That I might play with her, and bill her,
And bite, and pinch, and pull, and towze.
But then reflecting, he cry'd *Buz.*
The thinking on theſe wanton Tricks
Puts me beſide my Politicks,
Makes Head to ake, and Heart to beat
Confoundedly, like Drums i' th' Street.
I can't divert my ſelf alone
I find, nor do as I have done.
My Beard's grown long, which makes me fretful,
Uneaſie, peeviſh, and forgetful.
Sirrah, (cry'd he to's Boy) go, fly,
Fetch me the Barber preſently.

A Body's fill'd with Diſcontents
By nouriſhing ones Excrements.
Our Grandfires ſure were ne'er in very
Good Humour, or extremely merry,
Who wore ſuch Beards, the hairy Fardle
Were fit to tuck within their Girdle.
Yet for the ſame we have no Reaſon
To tax them of an Indiſcretion,
If Beards then bore a Price, and th' Hairs
Thereof were Merchantable Wares.

Don John de Caſtro ſent and pawn'd
A few of his, which rais'd a Fund
Sufficient to re-build a Fortreſs;
The Certainty of which Report is
Confirm'd, for that his Grandſon hid
Them in a Cryſtal Pyramid,
Set in a Silver Foot, or Baſis,
Engrav'd with Verſe, which told the Praiſes
Of the fam'd Action, and ſet forth
No leſs that Noble Hero's Worth:

Which

Which Relique his Poſterity
Preſerves in Pious Memory.

Such Thoughts to th' Knight gave Recreation,
When enters *Cutbeard* with a Baſon,
Who made low Bow, and having drawn
An Elbow-Chair, the Knight ſate down.
While Barber gets all Things prepar'd
For Circumciſion of his Beard,
And fitted Linen Cap to's Head,
Pendragon hawk'd, and ſpat, and ſaid,
Doſt know by Hear-ſay, or by Sight,
A Clergy-man, one *Laurence*, (hight?)
Yes, Sir, I knew him in this Town
Some Years before he wore a Gown,
When he appear'd a tearing Blade,
And went moſt faſhionably clad:
I've ſold him more than once or twice
Long Wiggs of Eight or Ten Pounds price.

How, *Cutty*! (quoth *Pendragon*) prithee
Go on; it ſeems h' as Dealings with thee.

Ay,

Ay, (quoth the Barber, and he ſobbs)
He's in my Book for ſeveral Bobbs,
And tells me, I ſhall ne'er be paid
Till he's preferr'd, marry'd, or dead.

But, (quoth Sir Knight) let me requeſt,
What made him turn from Spark to Prieſt?

That ſame which has no Law for what.
It does, and makes the Old Wife trot;
Neceſſity, and want of Bread,
Or rather want of Wine indeed:
For Cuſtom is a Second Nature,
And he was never us'd to Water.
Oh! with your Wit (quoth Knight) and Razor
Together, you have cut my Face, Sir,
I know not which of them's the ſharper.
I'm ſorry for it, (quoth the Barber.)
Your Worſhip ſmil'd, and ſo it were done
By a Touch; I beg your Worſhip's Pardon.

It ſcarcely bleeds, and can't be ſeen;
I'll cure it ſtreight with Benjamin.
Well, (quoth Sir Knight) if it don't bleed,
Sans Ceremony pray proceed.
Then *Cutbeard:* Sir, I know his Fortune
Was large, before he made it ſhorten,
Paid him in ready Caſh, as ſoon
As he attain'd to Twenty one,
At leaſt Three thouſand Pounds of *Sterling*,
So much was he an Uncle's Darling,
Who rais'd a plentiful Eſtate
From Wrangling and eternal Prate,
And whileom had in's Life-time been
A Bencher ſage of *Lincolns-Inn*;
Who kept a memorable Reading,
For Noſegays, Pot-herbs, Law, and Feeding;
Deſcended from the ancient famous
Conveyancer, (hight) *Ignoramus*.
But to the Nephew, Mr. *Laurence*,
Altho' his Fortune was ſo fair once,
He learn't at Univerſity
To make no little part on't fly;

Where

Where when his Wit and Humour ripe was,
In's younger days, they made him *Tripos*;
Renown'd for Bottle, and for Jeſt,
He was at ev'ry Treat a Gueſt.
Then taking leave of *Alma Mater*,
He came (to learn the *Cinque* and *Quatre*)
To Town, the *Palm* and *Slurr* to know,
Tatt's, Doctor, *Fulham*'s High and Low:
Tho' all this Knowledge but increaſt
His Sorrow much the more at laſt.
Yet while he was the 'foreſaid Blade,
No Man more Reputation had
For Wit, in all the Town, than he,
And the fine Turn in Poetry;
Whoſe Talent being leſs laborious,
Became the Envy of old *Laurus*;
Tho' many, with good Reaſons, will
Have it, they both piſt in a Quill.
But being a Man of various Fancies,
And in at all Extravagances,
In leſs than three Years Time, that I know,
He made a Hand of ready *Rhino*,

And

And brought himſelf to worſe than Nothing.
At length, grown ſhabby in his Cloathing,
When all th' Attendants on his Folly
Were Want, and Rags, and Melancholy,
And all the Hopes he had were vain ones,
How to get rid of theſe Companions,
Unleſs it were by means of Halter,
Or flying to the Horns of th' Altar;
Which Courſe he ſteer'd to cure *mærores,*
Et nunquam ſera ad bonos mores.

You've ſatisfy'd me, (quoth the Knight)
A Wit's a perfect *Het'roclite.*
None but ſheer Wit could give Defeat
With ſuch Diſpatch to an Eſtate.
In thy Profeſſion there was never
So expeditious a Shaver,
Who did's own Buſineſs quick and clear
As thou haſt mine, not left a Hair.

But, mark me; haſt thou ever ſeen a
Fair Lady, who is call'd *Selena?*

No, but I've heard Diſcourſes ſomewhere
Much of her Beauty and her Humour.
Could not you get me Information
Where 'tis ſhe dwells, upon occaſion?
That I can eaſ'ly compaſs, Sir;
It is not far from *Weſtminſter.*

Then (quoth *Pendragon*) two days hence
(Now the Spring-Seaſon does advance,
And the *Sun*'s got ſo far in *Taurus*,
Phlebotomy being needful for us)
Here let me ſee your Face again;
But come betimes, to ſpring a Vein.
Mean while, you, like a truſty *Trojan*,
Cannot forget the Lady's Lodging.

Cutbeard did every thing fulfil
In time, according to his Will.

And now *Pendragon* having learn'd
The Thing for which he was concern'd,

And got thereby a Wrinkle more
About him than he had before;
Knowing that this ſame Lady fair
Went frequently to Morning-Pray'r,
A Coach was call'd without delay,
Which hurry'd him to Church away.
His Boy being ſent that very Hour
To watch, and play about her Door,
And mark her Motions, found her Chair
And Men ſtood ready to convey her.
Away they trotted to St. *Martin's*,
Where tho ſhe has no Place aſcertain'd,
Yet can her Silver Key undo
In all the Church the faireſt Pew.
Church Turn-keys make ungodly Wages,
Like their Great Grand-ſire *Simon Magus.*
A Shame, that ev'ry under Clerk yet
In Pray'r-time keeps his higheſt Market.

Noting the Seat in which ſhe fixt,
Pendragon gets into the next,

Where

Where he had full View of her Favour:
But overlooking her Behaviour,
He ſpy'd occaſion to arraign her
As guilty of a Miſdemeanour.
For when the reſt t'appearance were
Standing, or on their Knees at Pray'r,
Our Lady's Poſture too does ſhow,
She does the ſame that others do;
Devoutly turning up her Eyes,
Who at a diſtance could ſurmiſe
That her fair Hand held in the place
Of Pocket Pray'r-book, Pocket-Glaſs?
Or that ſhe naughtily, inſtead
Of Collects, Dreſs and Viſage read?
And ſticking on her Cheek a Patch,
Made the Reſponſal, *We beſeech, &c.*
And after Benediction,
She ſhook her Head, and ſigh'd, *Amen.*
Moving her Limbs, to ſtand upright,
With Amber Scent ſhe ſtruck the Knight:
And turning round, her Skin or Clothes
Gave him a Whiff of *Tuberoſe.*

At her Go-off, she cast a Smile;
He quite confounded all the while,
Did like a Marble Statue stand,
Or like one Planet-struck remain'd,
Till every Body else was gone,
Except the Clerk and he alone:
Who coming to himself, did find
The Danger of being left behind,
Which he, by going out, declin'd.
Tho's Heart was wounded, yet his Head
Variety of Fancies fed.
Reflecting that her Thoughss were roving,
He deem'd her the more fit for Loving:
And from the Mixture of the Sinner,
Conceiv'd the greater Hopes to win her.
For tho' in Faith he was not weak,
Yet but for Hope his Heart must break.
If the fam'd Knight o' th' *Mancha* knew well
To feed his Flames with Fancy's Fuel,
And burn outrageously for one
Whose Visage was to him unknown,

What

What fiercer Flames, and greater Raging,
Muſt our Knight feel? (you may imagine)
Who took the Philters charming Doſe
In at his Ears, and Eyes, and Noſe?
Which ſtrongly ſeizing on his Heart,
Diffus'd it ſelf thro' ev'ry Part,
That in this manner, as he walk'd,
Diſturb'dly to himſelf he talk'd.

On me the Pow'rs above have laid
Enough to make another mad.
If I'm the *Atlas* and the Prop
O' th' Government, why let it drop.
Let *Whiggs* and *Trimmers* take their eaſe,
And ſet at Liberty their Bees,
Go water their *Ranunculus's*,
And other Plants, in Pots and Caſes:
Let them purſue their Sports, make Play-day
Until a good while after *May day*,
While I go in purſuit of Lady.
Each Man has Buſ'neſs of his own,
To be diſpatch'd, or left undone.

May's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

Selena *as ſhe lies in Bed*
Holds Converſation with her Maid:
A Viſit puts her out of Order.
Taking the Air, who then ſhould board her,
But Sir Pendragon, *by the Way?*
All in the merry Month of May.

CANTO.

'Tis fit the Buſineſs of the State
On that of mightier Love's ſhould wait;
While we are treating of Amours,
On Politicks to ſhut the Doors,
And not to ſuffer them to enter
At Times when they impertinent are.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the *Sun*,
Bright in at Chamber-window ſhone,
E'er Madam does one Ray diſcloſe,
But faſt lock'd up in deep Repoſe
Senſes and Beauties all lay hid,
In Blankets, Sheets, and Coverlid.

Mean while her Handmaid, who lay nigh,
In a ſmall dark Apartment by,
From out her Bed in ſilence ſlips,
With Petty-coats about her Hips;
Softly ſhe came, and draws the Curtain,
Finding her Miſtriſs faſt and ſnorting,
In a low Voice ſhe Madam cries,
Good Madam, when d' you mean to riſe?
Selena then ſtirr'd, and began
To ſtretch her ſelf, and ſigh, and yawn,
To ſcratch her Boſom, Arms, and Neck,
And opening of her Eyes, ſhe ſpake;
Curſe on you for a ſilly Whore;
Speak, What a Devil d' wake me for?

Troth, Madam, then quoth *Thomasine*,
I'll take my Oath, 'tis after Nine;
But if you find your Eye-lids heavy,
I'll go away again, and leave you.

No, Housewife, you can do no worse;
Judge if you don't deserve a Curse.
Ah Wench! but just before you wak'd me,
Methoughts a War-like Man attack'd me;
Fierce, like the fam'd St. *George*, when I
Did like the Dragon at him fly,
Tearing and biting with my Teeth,
And grappling till I wanted Breath.
Quite tir'd, I by main Strength was thrown
Flat underneath the Champion:
And who knows what had been my Doom,
Had not you come into the Room?

'Twas in good time (quoth *Thom'sine*) then,
Or my poor Lady had been slain.
In stead of raising of your Anger,
Thank me, that you are out of danger.

But

But may I ſpeak my Mind t' you freely?
This Dreaming, Madam, 's very ſilly,
And only ſerves to make you talk,
Like one who feeds on Dirt and Chalk.
Was Beauty giv'n you, and warm Blood,
Nor for your own nor others good?
In ſuch a Frolick Age as this,
Who durſt report, you do amiſs?
As if the ſooty Pottage-pot
Would mock the Kettle for its Smut.
Not, Madam, but one would abhor
The broad and common Name of Whore,
That's ſeldom giv'n, but to the Poor.
'Tis thouſand Pities you ſhould cumber
Your ſelf with your Virgin'ty's Lumber,
And carry ev'ry Night to Bed
An aking, irkſom Maidenhead,
Which plagues its Keeper, but when gone
Nor troubles her, nor any one.
Are not you pleas'd with this Advice?

Softly, the Lady then replies,

By

By this Inſtruction one may gueſs well
The Frailty of thy Earthen Veſſel;
And thy Advice moſt plainly ſpeaks,
Thy Pitcher's crackt, and therefore leaks:
But, *Thomaſine*, ſhe foully does ill,
Who meaſures mine by her own Buſhel.
Thou mak'ſt Reflections on thy Miſtriſs,
As if ſhe was reduc'd to Diſtreſs.
Has any one more Liberty
Or Freedom in her Choice than I?
Whether my Fortune 'tis, or Favour,
Or ſomething elſe which has the Savour
To draw ſo many Supplicants
Upon me, to relieve their Wants,
And daily bring me in Addreſſes,
Both from the ſmooth and wither'd Faces,
'Tis not ſo eaſie to diſcover
The Cauſe that animates the Lover.
However, know, that 'tis decreed
By Fate, (with all convenient ſpeed)
Nought ſhall reſiſt my Vows to wed.

I'll ſee them all; to whom I find
My ſelf moſt furiouſly inclin'd,
Him from among the Heard I'll chuſe, and
Ev'n take him for my Wedded Husband:
Rather the Hazard run of Marriage,
Than of a Clap, or a Miſcarriage.
If Matrimony, in concluſion,
Agrees not with my Conſtitution,
Then I'll turn Tail againſt its Force,
And take a clear contrary Courſe.

This Reſolution's very ſudden
(Quoth *Thom'ſine*) and perhaps a good one:
For Wedlock is (tho ſo ſought after)
The greateſt Lottery in Nature.

Let Fools depend (Madam replies)
Upon their Luck in Lotteries:
If any thing occurs of ill,
By my Prerogative, my Will,
I'll either overcome it quite,
Or move my ſelf out of its ſight.

Since

Since almoſt every Faculty
But Will, to Woman they deny,
Can they expect ſhe'll That ſurrender
To their imperious Maſc'line Gender?
Or leſs than unto Death maintain
It, tho' fantaſtical and vain.

Quoth *Thomaſine*, theſe ſtrange Perſwaſions
Will plague you upon all Occaſions;
Let them ſeem ne'er ſo Great and Noble,
You'll find them bring prodigious Trouble.
For while without Controll, Diſpute,
Or Whartle, you rule Abſolute,
What precious Qual'ties would you have
Endow your conjugated Slave?

I'd have him (quoth *Selena*) be
In his own Government as free;
Our Wills act in a diff'rent Sphere,
And one to th' others ne'er come near.
Then, to be ſure, he muſt be rich:
Poverty's worſe than Pox or Itch,

Palſie,

Palſie, Deformity, or Frenzy,
Folly, or Inſufficiency.
Of ancient Family deſcended,
Or by his Money ſo befriended,
To buy himſelf Titles of Worth,
To hide th' Obſcurity of Birth.

Sir *Grog'ram*'s ſuch a piece of Stuff;
He's rich, and paſſable enough;
And there's leaſt Cauſe to be afraid
Of marrying one who drives a Trade;
When there's no danger of his Failure,
I ſhall not ſtand in awe of's Valour.

Young *Parrot* has a fair Eſtate;
But 'tis a Fop ſo full of Prate,
So diſagreeable a Perſon,
He very much is my Averſion.

There's no Man pays me ſuch Devoirs
As Serjeant *Wigeon*, 'mongſt the Lawyers;

But

But wo be to his wedded Wife,
Now he has laid aſide his Coif,
And ſpends whole Nights in Broils and Roaring,
In Taverns, and in double Whoring.

Since Age (if not too much decay'd)
You can diſpenſe with, (quoth the Maid)
Pray, Madam, how d' you like Squire *Hugh?*

Fough! Naſty Fellow, I ſhall ſpue,
(Quoth ſhe.) Nay, (anſwer'd *Thomaſine*)
You wrong him; for he's very clean,
And neither Money wants, nor Wit.

No matter, do not make me ſpit,
(Said ſhe.) And going on with more,
They hear a Rapping at the Door.
Up *Thomaſine* ſtarts, holds faſt the Latch,
And crys, Who are you there? A Wretch,
(Quoth Voice without) an humble Slave,
The very'ſt. Vaſſal that you have.

(Which

(Which Voice betray'd, it being a hoarſe one,
The Devil they did laſt diſcourſe on.

Hah! *Hugo*! (then the Lady ſaid)
Enter not here; I'm in my Bed:
Without another VVord be gone,
And leap from Top to Bottom down.
This is no time a Day to viſit,
Unleſs y' had Buſ'neſs to ſollicit.

And ſo I have (quoth he:) My Heart
Is wholly yours. (Quoth ſhe) A Fart;
And ſwell'd, as if ſhe'd burſt with Choler,
For want of utt'rance of her Dolour.

While *Hugh* without doors ſays he'll thank her
If ſhe'll aſſuage her cruel Rancour;
And promis'd, he would ſtraightways leave her,
Provided ſhe will grant the Favour
To condeſcend to bleſs his Eyes
VVith a View of her as ſhe lies:

Engaging

Engaging not t' advance one Step.
Selena agrees to let him peep:
But tipt the VVink, and made a Sign
VVell underſtood by *Thomaſine*;
VVho plaid her part, and pinch'd full ſore
His Noddle 'twixt the Poſt and Door;
But let him draw it back, for fear
Of damaging the ſurdous Ear.
Now while the Maid ſecures the Lock,
The Lady leaps out in her Smock
VVith all ſpeed poſſible, puts on
Her Shooes, and her looſe-body'd Gown,
Advancing, threw the Door wide open,
And bid her Maid ſhe ſhould not ſtop him.
Enrag'd, ſhe vents her fell Diſpleaſure,
Thus rounding him beyond all Meaſure.

Can you conceive that I'll diſpenſe
VVith this unequal'd Impudence,
To me, of making your Pretence?

As

As well the Cobler might addreſs
Himſelf with Paſſion to Queen *Beſs*,
And hope from her as good Succeſs.
Thy Phiz, more tough than Parents Leather,
Is able to out-wear the Weather,
Out-face the bright Meridian *Sun*,
When lowing Herds to Coverts run:
'Tis ſuch, no Scandal, Guilt, nor Shame,
Can pump up Bluſh into the ſame.

Hold, and contain your ſelf, (quoth he)
You're out of Breath with Raillery:
Come, pretty Lady, you muſt lack it;
A Virgin may ſay Nay and take it.

(Quoth ſhe) Be gone, thou filthy Monſter
Fly from my ſight; for if I once ſtir
My Foot, and on the Board ſtamp thrice,
Footmen with Cudgels ſhall ariſe,
To give the ſwinging Baſtinado,
For which if thou art pleas'd to ſtay, do.

(Quoth he) Since you're ſo humourſom,
Farewell; I ſay no more but, *Mum.*
I know you'll look, for all you're vext,
More kindly when I ſee you next.
And Miſtriſs *Thomaſine*, with a P—x,
I ſha'n't forget your Chriſtmas-Box.
And thus compell'd the Field to quit,
He made inglorious Retreat.

So *Tory*, when he would prevail
For kind Careſſes, waggs his Tail;
But when his Maſter chides, he flags,
And ſneaking claps it 'twixt his Legs.

Selena too as much put out is
Of humour; firſt i' th' Hoititoities
She rants, and ſwears, and ſtares, and flings
About her Clothes, and tears her Things;
Breaks *China*, clatters Looking-glaſſes,
And calls him Twenty thouſand Aſſes.

Thom'ſine, to put her by this Chafing,
Set Thumbs to Sides, and fell a laughing.
At that, the Lady on a ſudden
Chang'd her bad Humour for a good one;
Burſts out into a Fit of Laughter,
And eas'd her ſelf by making Water.
Gets on her Clothes with little pains,
Dreſt *a-la-mode en negligence*,
With a lac'd Scarf and Vizor-Maſque on,
She gathers up her Galligaſcoins,
And in St. *James's* Park ſhe walks,
Where, by the Ponds of Ducks and Drakes,
By lucky Chance, and help of Scout,
Bold Sir *Pendragon* finds her out;
Who bearing up unto her cloſe,
Strikes Sail, and then attack's her thus:

Sweet Lady, whoſe Perfumes environ
Your Slaves, and draw like Grapling-iron,
When you have boarded us *per* Force,
Pray how d' you uſe your Priſoners?

Thoſe who have Worth (quoth ſhe) I riſe,
Others I value not a triſle.

Being yours (quoth he then) by Repriſal,
Tell me my Doom. (Quoth ſhe) Go whiſtle
For I believe you have no Treaſure
Of value, nor in Weight, nor Meaſure.

And ſo, perhaps, you'll loſe (quoth he)
A Prize, thro' Infidelity.

I may (ſaid ſhe) do ſo, perhaps;
But Taſte is flat in wither'd Grapes:
And no Knight ever won my Grace
Of th' Order of th' *Ill-favour'd Face*.

Well, (quoth Sir Knight) this your Reflexion
I grant, would be enough to vex one
Who has no other able Talents,
That may with handſom Features balance.

But Worth in Secret often lies.

You'd fain insinuate (she replies)
That you're possest of Treasure hidden,
Which is too good to be forbidden,
And bear about you conceal'd Merit,
Relating to your Flesh, or Spirit.
The first I must suppose but weak;
The latter for its self can speak:
For Nothing's less a Secret, than
The vast Productions of your Brain;
Which, like a common Prostitute,
Yields daily most unwholesom Fruit:
Of which throughout the Kingdom surfeits;
And it encreases, not cures her Fits;
Altho' the Press no Prints produces
For more Variety of Uses.
To Pies and Tarts your Papers cling,
And make Band-boxes Covering;
Beside the many thousand Pages
Back-side receives, and Privy lodges.

Since then ſufficiently you're known,
I need not bid you to be gone,
And haſte home to your Pen and Ink-horn.
He ſtar'd like Devil over *Lincoln*,
His Speech being ſtopp'd thro' Wrath & Wonder.
They parted ſeveral Ways aſunder.
Thus Days, and Hours, and Minutes fly,
While the *Sun* goes thro' *Gemini*,
To all alike not pleaſantly.
Great Wits, as well as *Heroe's* Great,
Are never always Fortunate.

June's

June's CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Selena's well, never look'd finer,
Laugh'd more, nor eat a heartier Dinner.
Sir Grog'ram *wooes with coſtly Preſent:*
With other Matters not unpleaſant;
Which as you find them repreſented,
Are very eas'ly apprehended.

CANTO.

AT the *Sun*'s entring into th' *Crab*, he
Makes the long Day of bright *Barnaby:*
When our fam'd Lady, no leſs bright,
Triumphs o'er both the Squire and Knight.
The firſt repuls'd with Box o' th' Ear,
The latter ſtruck with Shame and Fear

Of loſing what he never had,
His Heart was ſunk and very ſad,
Which drove him almoſt to Deſpair,
(I ſay, Not quite, but very near)
Of ever getting Ladies Favour,
At leaſt ſo as to Hold and Have her.
Whom for a time we leave to forage
On his own preternat'ral Courage,
And keep th' Head-Quarters of Affliction
In Philoſophy's Juriſdiction;

While we ſhall, without Breach of Charity,
Attend the Lady in Proſperity:
Who th' other Day, tho' down in Creſt,
Behold her now compleatly dreſt;
Her ſullen Dumps, and lowring Powts,
Transform'd to Waggery and Flouts.
All Spirit, Life, and Air poſſeſs her,
In ſtead of Chagrin and Diſpleaſure:
And tho' in Habit lately careleſs,
Now her Attire was rich and peerleſs.

And

And ſtrange Conjectures may be made,
According as a Woman's clad;
The Body being much inclin'd
To wear the Liv'ry of the Mind:
And as the firſt is mobb'd or dreſt,
The others Humour may be gueſt.

Thoſe Looking-glaſſes, which ſhe threw
About before are plac'd in view,
And the Reſemblance proudly bear
Of gay *Selena*, lovely Fair.
Charm'd with her Features in the Mirrour,
She owns her ſelf a Conqueror,
Laughs at the Names of fam'd *Statira*,
Of *Pariſatis*, *Albemira*;
The proper Luſtre of her Eyes
Strike ſuch Reflexions, which deſpiſe
The Poet's Fopperies and Stories
Of *Phillis*, *Amoret*, and *Chloris*:
Becauſe ſhe thinks her ſelf poſſeſt
Of Charms as powerful as the beſt.

Which

Which pleaſing Images are brought
By needful Train of flatt'ring Thought,
Firſt kindled at the ſight of Skin,
To blow up Self-conceit within:
Which can be reckon'd no Crime at all,
If it be of *Neceſſity Fatal.*

Many Conveniencies beſide
To Woman-kind accrue from Pride.
'Tis that keeps Ladies under Switch,
It dares not ſcratch where it does itch,
Preſerves the ſtagg'ring Reputation
Of many a Lady in the Nation,
And that no more of them fall down
To th' Lacquey, Groom, or Countrey Clown;
That makes them ſplendidly accouter'd,
And always ſets the beſt Side outward,
Appearing to the Stranger's Eye
Of good ſufficient Quality,
When Wits Contrivance is put to't
To compaſs Morſel for the Gut:

That

That hides Infirmities, Defects,
And common Blemiſhes of Sex.
That makes them, on occaſion, ſwear
Themſelves much younger than they are;
And when the Fortieth Year is gone,
But Eight or Nine and twenty own.
And that the ſame Aſſiſtance lends
To Mankind, for the ſelf-ſame Ends.

Now tho' *Selena* all this while
Was pleas'd to have her Thoughts recoil,
Yet ſo many ſtrong Excellencies
Tir'd almoſt her Intelligences:
Variety new Pleaſure brings;
She trips about the Room, and ſings
To her ſoft Pendent-bearing Ears,
Hence, hence ye vain fantaſtick Fears
Of Ills to come—— And ſo to th' end on't,
In Airs melodiouſly tranſcendent.
When *Thom'ſine* came in to acquaint her,
The Dinner on the Board did want her.

Of which to make exact Relation,
Would be below the Reputation
Of any of the High-born Muſes,
Such Common Work about the Houſe is,
Too ſordid for the Child of *Jove*,
Got on *Mnemoſyne* his Love.
Ours therefore does forbear to treat
Of the choice Bits the Lady eat;
Or to demean her ſelf to wait
Behind a Chair to change a Plate;
Or talk o'er all the Tittle-tattle
Of Womens Table-talk and Prattle:
For ev'n *Selena* the Accompliſh'd
Sometimes talks idlely, and is nonplus'd.
Let it ſuffice for us to tell,
After ſh' had din'd extremely well,
Victual, and Cloth, and all being gone,
Grace, after new Mode, they had none;
That ſtill her Humour ſhe maintains
In Frolicks and Extravagance.

She pinches her Companions Cheeks,
And plays them twenty wanton Tricks;
She gets acroſs a Chair to ride,
With her divided Legs aſtride;
She challenges them All to leap,
And ſtraddle wideſt at a Step;
From that, to molding Cockle-bread:
When in Sir *Grog'ram* puts his Head.
Selen' who firſt caſt Eyes on him,
Set her ſelf right, by ſaying *Prim.*
The reſt ſurpriz'd, ran helter-skelter,
As Shame does always ſeek for Shelter.
He, ſeeing Coaſt on all Sides clear,
Thus ſpake, advancing up to her.

Madam, I fear my bold Intruſion
Has put the Ladys in confuſion:
But you may pardon the Surpriſe,
Knowing the Vigour of your Eyes,
And the Grand Embaſſage I carry
From Love, Plenipotentiary.

Sent hither ſolely on his Errand,
Permit my Lips to kiſs your bare Hand;
And know, this ſilent eager Breath
Plights Love and everlaſting Faith,
Paſſes my Worth, and all I am,
Over to you, without a Sham.

Quoth ſhe, Sir *Grog'ram*, you're miſtaken;
I'm not the Perſon as you reckon.
But ſetting Raillery apart,
Suppoſe I ſhould accept your Heart,
With its Appurtenances, then
You'd gladly eat your Words agen;
Or if we were about t' Indent,
And Article for Settlement,
The Terms on which I ſhould inſiſt,
Would fright you like a *Will i' Wiſp*;
And at the Matrimonial Nooſe
You'd be as daunted, I ſuppoſe.

To which he anſwer'd, I imagine
The Worſt you'd have me to engage in:

Hap

Hap what hap may, Fall Back fall Edge,
Madam, I ſay, I do engage;
Be your Conditions what they will,
I'll to a Tittle them fulfil,
If you with Matrimony cloſe:
Now, Lady, pray where's your Suppoſe?

She not expecting him ſo ready
In his Compliance, cry'd, God ſpeed ye,
Sir *Grog'ram*; for I ſhall require
Wainſcot of Cedar, Cedar Fire,
Gold never to deſert my Pockets,
Nor Pearl my Neck, nor Arms rich Lockets:
For other Parts, if ill ſupply'd,
I ſhall, as Need requires, provide:
And, to that End, I ſhall demand
A Coach and Six always at hand,
With Foot-men, Liveries, and Pages,
Kept, as the Mode is, at Board-wages.
Nor would I have you take 't in dudgeon,
I tell you of a Blot in Scutcheon.

Your Aunt, the Daughter of your Grannum,
To whom y' allow Two Pound *per Annum*,
Let her complain no more, nor mention
The backward Payment of your Penſion.

Sir *Grog'ram*, tho' the thing was true,
Was more concern'd becauſe ſhe knew
His mean Original and Kindred,
Leſt by 't his Marriage ſhould be hindred;
And fearing ſuch another Bob,
He ſteals his Fingers into Fob,
And then reply'd, Madam, I'm ſorry
You're troubl'd at an idle Story:
Alas! What has a viler Name
For Lying, than *Report* and *Fame?*
And he who credits all he hears,
Proſtrates his Faith, and fools his Ears.
Pray let us talk no more about
A thing ſo frivolous. Then out
Drawing his clumſie Fingers forth,
Madam, (ſays he) tho' 'tis not worth

Th' acceptance

Th' acceptance of ſo fair a Lady,
Yet 'tis preſented to perſwade you
That He who gives it does beſtow
His Heart intirely with it too.

Selena thought not fit to dally
With any thing of ſuch a value;
And having well the Necklace ey'd,
Truly, Sir *Grog'ram*, ſhe reply'd,
I thank you for your Heart; but ſince
When you depart you take that hence,
This may content me for a Pawn,
Or a Remembrance when you're gone.

The ſecret Joy that he conceiv'd
Hereat, was ſcarce to be believ'd;
Concludes himſelf cock-ſure to have her,
Since ſhe accepted what he gave her.
Delighted with theſe happy Thoughts,
Taking his Leave, away he trots.

Selena, no leſs gratify'd,
Her Speech thus to her ſelf apply'd:
" A Preſent of Five hundred Pound
" Affords a comfortable Sound,
" And is a moſt ſubſtantial Proof
" The Donor loves me well enough.
" There's nothing makes the Purſe-ſtrings fly
" Of an old Fool, like Letchery.
" But in return what muſt I do?
" Marry, and kiſs, and cokes him? Fogh!
" That's but an awkerd ſort of Pleaſure:
" I'll think upon it more at leiſure.
" Honey has Stings.— With that ſhe ſtopt here.
For in they came to interrupt her,
To make a Jeſt and Sport about her,
Having Sir *Grog'ram* for a Suitor.
Selena no leſs merry was,
And laught moſt, having the moſt Cauſe.

But let us leave her in fruition
Of preſent proſperous Condition;

And

And make a Viſit to the Knight,
Too long left out of Mind and Sight.
(Note, When we ſay *The Knight*, we mean
Sir *Pendragon* κατ' ἐξοχήν.)
With whom the Curate, having heard
How he in late Adventure far'd,
Does with ſubmiſſion offer Solace,
In moſt obliging Terms, as follows.

Sir, What the Lady to you ſaid
So ſmartly, was in Maſquerade.
Tho' ſhe knew you, you can't infer
From thence, She knew that you knew her.
And 'twas but Raillery, to try
Your Courage, or your Conſtancy.
Had her own Father been in place,
She'd not ha' bated him an Ace;
But as ſhe found him a-tranſgreſſing,
Backward ſhe would have ask'd him Bleſſing.
Or had he attempted to abridge
Her of her Sexes Privilege,

To lay Reſtraint on *Lingua Franc*,
She would have conn'd him ſcurvy Thank.

Alas! (quoth Sir *Pendragon*) I
With eaſe could bear her Raillery;
But by ſome Words ſhe did impart,
I fear that ſhe's a *Whigg* at Heart:
She told me, as I underſtood,
My Writing did more Harm than Good;
Wherein the Want of Jeſt does ſhew
The rather, ſhe believes it True.
If ſo, 'tis fit ſhe ſhould be mumbled,
And in all ſort of Senſes humbled.

Quoth *Laurence*, If ſhe be a *Whigg*,
Then I'm a very *Putt*, a *Prigg*.
I know ſhe very often ſpeaks
Perverſely, for the nonce to vex;
And nothing in the World's more pleaſing
To her, than being Croſs and Teazing.
Whate'er her Words may ſound, ſhe means
Things of a clean contrary Senſe,

And

And must have almost all her Speeches
Read backwards, like to other Witches.

Here, to the Curate, and the Knight
Enters the Squire, in dismal Fright,
Upon whose Perriwig did stand
The Hairs, quite out of Curl, on end;
And told them, (being ask'd, What News?)
Worse than if Hell it self broke loose.
The Stubborn Prelates, late committed,
Have all been Try'd, and are Acquitted.
One Minute bore the cursed Shout
Of *Mob* for sev'ral Miles about.
We teach to Lay-men *Loyalty*,
Which Clergy, when concern'd, defie:
Passive Obedience ne'er begot 'em;
And They, or We, are in wrong Bottom.

Quoth Sir *Pendragon*, 'Tis amazing,
And sets my inward Lights a-gazing.
Too strong Convulsions needs must loosen
The *Macro*, as the *Microcosm:*

And Griping in the Guts does boad ill,
Becauſe it may affect the Noddle.
Let us adviſe upon this Junto,
Conſider what it may amount to:
For when Times wear a Face of Trouble,
Then ſhould our Diligence be Double.

Quoth *Hugo*, *Si non ſero ſapis*,
I hope you'll prove an *Æſculapius*.
A Cloudy Morning may grow clear,
And make an Evening Bright and Fair.

July's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

Knight, Squire, and Curate hold Debate
Concerning— None of them know what.
Yet each one eagerly maintains
His own peculiar Sentiments:
And many are ſeverely chidden,
Who will not do as they are bidden.

CANTO.

OLD *Bays*, according to his Name,
Had long worn Chaplet of the ſame,
That gracefully his Temples-crown'd:
But when Times chang'd, his Brows were bound
With *Roſary* thereof in ſtead,
Which caus'd new Singing in his Head.

As he the famous Fable forges
Of Beasts, and Birds, and Men, and Churches,
He a new Method institutes,
In managing his several Brutes:
Which *bona fide* he commends
To *Smith* and *Johnson*, two old Friends.
For out he brings his Wolf and Boar,
And shew'd them; but he did no more:
He would by no means let them fight,
Which nor instructs, nor yields Delight;
But when he 'ad giv'n the Character
Of Hind and Panther, Fox and Bear,
And all sufficiently were seen,
He wisely shut them up again.

So pardon if we imitate
One of Authority so great:
We shall not let our Hero's deal
Either with Powder or with Steel;
Tho' they may snarl, talk high, and chafe,
Yet all the while we'll keep them safe.

They

They really ſhall do no hurt;
For, *Miſchief always ſpoileth Sport.*
But when they've run their Riſque, and try'd
(While they had with them Wind and Tide)
What they'd be at, by change of Wind
We'll ſend them Puff as far behind;
We'll make them ſcour (when the time's come)
Abroad, or be confin'd at home.

Such is the Conteſt in the Game,
Of ſo much celebrated Fame;
Which we in *Engliſh* call *The Gooſe*,
And *Rome*'s Wiſe Conclave did compoſe:
Where ev'ry Party ſtill does ſtrive
(Preſerv'd by equal Hopes alive)
To compaſs that, which can be done,
In the concluſion, but by one.
He that's repell'd, as much of Chance has,
As he who the mean while advances:
And he that's laid in Cuſtody,
Looks for a Time to be ſet free,

And

And feeds on Expectation
To riſe from Priſon to a Throne,
Till by the ſtrong deciſive Caſt,
The Fortunate confounds the reſt.
But 'tis not fit too long Preamble
Should from the preſent Bus'neſs ramble.

In *Grays-Inn* Walks we lay the Scene
Where Knight, Squire, Curate met again,
And reaſſum'd Diſcourſe once more
On that they enter'd on before.
Pendragon firſt did Silence break,
And thus from Second Thoughts he ſpake.

The Changes which are rung from Steeple
Are always pleaſing to the People:
And the moſt dangerous Commotion
Is kindled from too hot Devotion.
But the poor Prieſt is more the Zealot:
We ſeldom find it in the Prelate,
Who having got a bigger Share
Of this Worlds Goods, divides his Care,

And

And makes him hold the Balance even
As e'er he can, 'twixt Earth and Heaven:
Yet ſpite on's Teeth, he'll be inclin'd
To th' Scale where lies the Earth refin'd:
While poorer Wretches, leſs content
With that which Providence has ſent,
Raiſe Faction, and tear all in pieces,
In hopes of better Benefices.
But as for want of a Supply
Of Fuel, Flames do quickly die;
So will your formidable Shout
In *Fumo* vaniſh, and go out.

My Shout! Deliver me! (quoth *Hugh*)
It does as much belong to you.
What Hurt can I ſuſtain, ſhould all
The Biſhops in the Kingdom fall?
And yet, on th' other Side, what Good
Will that be to my Livelihood?
Who am as firm a Son o' th' Church,
Tho' I ſay 't my ſelf, as D—— *B*——

Or

Or as your Worſhip's ſelf, Sir Knight,
Tho you get much, I nothing by't.

Nay, quoth *Pendragon*, if you're teaſty,
Try what you'll get by riding reſty;
And if you fancy you have far'd ill,
Go turn the Buckle of your Girdle.
Howſoe'er my ſelf I have acquitted,
Let me be envy'd, and not pitied.

Pray, quoth the Curate, give me leave
This ſudden Squabble to retrive,
And offer ſomething in due ſeaſon
To Men of ſo much Worth and Reaſon;
Who both are real Friends to th' Church,
And ſcorn to leave her in the Lurch.
(By *Church*, I mean the *Hierarchy*,
Its Grandeur, Power, and Dignity.
Cœtus fidelium is the *Mobb*,
Who may our Shrines and Altars rob.)
Therefore to you I dare appeal,
If what thoſe Biſhops did was well.

I judge

I judge them damnably miſtaken,
Tho' by good Luck they ſav'd their Bacon.
The Crime was very great and foul,
The Prince's Pleaſure to controul.
Whatever he would have them read,
They ought to do't; and ſo I did;
And ſo ſhould ev'ry Loyal Prieſt,
Without Refuſal, or Conteſt.
If we have any who profeſs
Supremacy beyond the Seas,
In this they may comply, the rather,
Becauſe approv'd by Holy Father;
With whom the Church in this our Nation
Might meet with Reconciliation,
If 'twas not kept at ſuch a Diſtance
By thoſe who love to make Reſiſtance.
Why ſhould we not in Manners come
As near as e'er we can to *Rome?*
Since ſhe upon the Hills is high
In Honour and in Quality,
It is more reaſonable and fitter
That we ſhould firſt advance to meet her:

And

And if we're not too proud to ſtoop,
VVith open Arms ſhe'll take us up,
Never reproach our going aſtray
So long, and being out o' th' VVay;
But bid us VVelcome, and careſs
Us with the greateſt Tenderneſs.
The *Papiſt*, and the *Proteſtant*,
Exploded Terms of fooliſh Cant,
VVhen once made Friends, whoever thinks on,
This or that Name for a Diſtinction,
I'd have him hang'd up by the Neck,
Or Spitcock'd for a Heretick.
And here, Great Sir *Pendragon*, you
May juſtly claim our Thanks as due,
That the *Church-Trimmers* (who the while
VViden what we would reconcile)
Have that Nick-name preſerv'd alive,
To make their Infamy ſurvive.
In all your VVritings your ſtrong Reaſons
Have ſtrangely mended my Perſwaſions.
That which we call *The Reformation*,
Is but a Scandal to the Nation;

And

And for *John Calvin* and *Mart. Luther*,
I won't ſay what I think they both were.

Hold, quoth *Pendragon*, you ſay more
Than e'er you had my Warrant for:
You never met with ſuch Expreſſions
In all my Firſt or Second Leſſons.

That's true, you are too wiſe a Man
(Quoth he) to ſpeak your Mind ſo plain:
But you'll allow me ſo much Senſe,
From Doctrine to raiſe Inference.

(Quoth *Hugh*) Methinks you both are in, and
Out too, by turns, with your Opinion.
Quickſilver's very hard to fix,
It has ſo many ſhifting Tricks:
And Weather-glaſſes fall or riſe
According to the Clouds i' th' Skies.
I've hearken'd to you till I'm giddy,
And do but grow the more unſteady.

Could I diſcern wherein you differ,
My Thoughts were eaſier to deliver.
You, Maſter *Laurence*, very fairly
Seem to be bound for *Rome* thus early;
And tho' I can't keep equal Pace,
I love a Man that ſhews his Face;
But wiſh your Riding ſo Tantivy
(As the *Whiggs* call it) don't deceive you.
If Sir *Pendragon* would unveil
Himſelf as far, 'twould pleaſe me well;
And not converſe with us, when he has
A Miſty Cloke on, like *Æneas*.

Good Squire, compoſe your ſelf to reſt,
(The Knight reply'd) Repeal of *Teſt*
We all are for, and think it juſt
To gratifie the Royal Luſt.
There's none of us would make Defeiſance
Of *Active*, or *Paſſive Obeyſance*.
And ſure my Writings clear this Caſe
Plain as the Noſe upon your Face.

All

All People that on Earth do dwell,
But thoſe who purpoſe to rebell,
Without Conditions ſhould obey
What Rulers bid them do or ſay.

Hamlet, becauſe he was a Prince,
The Lord *Polonius* could convince,
That the ſame Cloud was like in all
T' a Camel, Weezel, and a Whale:
And make another (ſpite of Thought)
Say as he pleas'd, 'twas Cold or Hot.

Indoſtan's Greateſt Emperor
Rules with ſo uncontrol'd a Power,
That if at Noon, when Sun ſhines bright,
He ſays, 'tis middle of the Night,
His Courtiers dare not for their Ears
But cry, *Behold the Moon and Stars.*

No Monarch in the Univerſe
Has more his Peoples Dread and Fears,

Than *Boutan's* Arbitrary Lord,
Who's like a Deity ador'd.
Being ſet, or Juſtice to diſpenſe,
Or to give needful Audience,
Whoſe'er into his Preſence goes
Muſt clap his Hands together cloſe
Above his Forehead, then fall down
At a good diſtance from the Throne.
Thus proſtrate on the Ground when laid,
He dares not once rear up his Head;
Which humble Poſture and Condition
Thoſe uſe too, who prefer Petition;
And he that makes Retirement quite,
Moves backwards till he's out of ſight.

But what is yet more ſtrange, and greater,
When e'er their King has eas'd his Nature,
They carefully preſerve his Ordure,
And dry it like to Sneezing-Powder;
Then, as we Snuff in Boxes ſhut,
So they the choice Provant do put,

And with them ev'ry Market-day
They carry that, to give away
To Men of Wealth, with whom they Trade;
Which Kindneſs is by them repaid.
Who thus poſſeſt of Good ſo rare,
Convey it home with no leſs Care;
And when they invite their Friends to eat,
They ſtrew the Powder on their Meat.
Two *Boutan*-Merchants, ſays my Author,
Shew'd me their Boxes, and the Powder.
Theſe Eaſtern People can digeſt
What ours would not vouchſafe to taſte:
They ſwallow a Sir-Reverence
With greedineſs, that comes from Prince.
Nothing goes down with us, forſooth,
But what is pleaſing to the Tooth.
And more he was about to ſay,
When he was call'd in haſte away:
The Squire and Curate at the Gate
Parted too, without further Chat.

'Twas now the Time the Politicians
Seem'd wondrous full of good Conditions,
Made Proffers very much obliging
To All of different Religion.
And tho' Diſpenſing Power they held,
Yet they in Loving-kindneſs yield
To have all Penal Laws repeal'd,
Which gave the Subject any Grief
Concerning Matters of Belief.
Some eagerly catch't at the Bait,
And with the Sugar-plums were caught;
But others more conſiderate,
At diſtance having ſpy'd the Trap,
Sought Means the ſtrong-laid Snare to ſcape.
While thoſe who were poſſeſt of Places
Found themſelves driven to Diſtreſſes,
From which they could have no Releaſe,
Unleſs they left behind their Fleece.

For when the Queſtion once was put,
Yes, you muſt anſwer, or turn out.

Will you at Call of Parliament
Give Vote for ſuch who will conſent
To take off Teſt and Penal Laws?
He that ſaid *Yes*, was where he was:
He that unhappily ſaid *No*,
Was us'd untowardly, like a Foe;
Threatn'd with Fines on Goods and Chattels,
Confinement, and the Lord knows what elſe.
Which Method, needs muſt be confeſt,
Was driving out of *Teſt* with *Teſt*.

The Thoughts of riding in the Saddle
Made weak Diſſenter's Brains turn addle;
He could not ſee (he grew ſo blind)
The Jeſuit getting up behind;
Who ſoon with unexpected Flirt
Would throw his Worſhip in the Dirt.

Many they were to whom the Queſtion
Was boldly put: Among the reſt, one,

A ſtout and valiant Son of *Mars*,
Who had ſpent all his Days in Wars,
Regardleſs of Religion,
'Twas thought that any might go down.
Therefore they pray'd him (with his leave)
That he'd the *Romiſh* Faith receive.

'Tis true (ſaid he) that ſaying Pray'rs
Has been the leaſt of all my Cares;
But if I ever change from That
Wherein I firſt was bred and taught,
My Honour is engag'd t' embrace
That of the Emperor's of *Fez*,
Who ſhew'd me Death, and Blood, and Wounds,
Yet could not get me to renounce.
Poor Slaves were brought into his Court,
And murder'd, only to make Sport:
The Agonies I ſaw, and Twitches,
Of miſerable dying Wretches,
Yet I ne'er turn'd my Head awry,
Nor frown'd, nor ask'd that Monarch, Why

He caus'd the needleſs Execution.
Who when he ſaw my Reſolution,
And found me not inclin'd to Pity,
Cry'd, Our Religion beſt would fit you.
(You Chriſtians uſe to ſhew Remorſe)
Your Faith ſhould be the ſame with ours.
If I chang'd mine, I promis'd then
That I would turn *Mahometan.*

Their Wiſdoms had as ill Succeſs
With other Cloſettings, as this;
And *Corporations Regulator*
Prov'd a good Subject, fit for Laughter.

In Man no greater Folly is,
Than that of being over-wiſe.

August's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

By Curate's Help, the Knight and Lady
Meet merrily, and Days are gaudy
A while, too hot to hold; Cold Dew
Is uſher'd in by Barthol'mew.
But yet the Curate's Heat does grow
Towards Thomaſine, *and warms her too.*

CANTO.

THO' Hero's Pictures beſt do ſhow
In Shades of Miſery and Woe,
And more the Luſtre ſhines when ſet
In Frame of Ebony or Jet,
As all our *Logicks* tell us, elſe
Their Rules of *Oppoſites* are falſe:

Yet,

Yet, on the other Hand, if they
Should never ſee one happy day,
Meet with no comfortable Chequer,
Their very Vigour would grow weaker,
And from the greateſt Wits and Braves,
Become the meereſt Sots and Slaves.

Poor Sir *Pendragon* yet has had
His Love-Concerns run Retrograde,
Without Support of one kind Look,
Which any other Heart had broke
But his, that lay ſo fortifi'd,
Entrench'd in Self-conceit and Pride.
Now therefore 'tis extremely fit
To let him lie no longer by 't,
And for his Sally to ſet ope
Altho' but a Trap-door of Hope.

Laurence, to further this Intent,
Proves a ſucceſsful Inſtrument;
Who, big with joyful Tidings, came
In ſo much haſte to tell the ſame,

That

That all in Sweat the thick round Drops
Cours'd one another down his Chops.
Some Time he took to gather Wind
Sufficient to expreſs his Mind.
He to *Pendragon* then imparts
That his unparallell'd Deſerts
Were to *Selena* truly known,
Which ſhe in ſober Mood did own;
That all was Banter in the Park,
And Random-ſhot beſide the Mark.
Nay, ſhe requeſted me, moreover,
(Quoth *Laurence*) very like a Lover,
That I'd engage, without Delays,
T' oblige her with the Happineſs
Of making you and her acquainted,
And promis'd I ſhould ne'er repent it,
And made me in a manner ſwear
That you ſhould come and viſit her.

I thank you (quoth *Pendragon*) if
'Tis ſafe to be of your Belief:

Yet

Yet 'tis not ſtrange; for there's no doubt
But Weather-cocks may turn about:
Methinks 'tis worth my while to go
And try if ſhe continue ſo.

Ay, (quoth the Curate) pray be gone
This inſtant, while the Day's your own;
For to the Gods belongs to morrow,
And who knows whether Joy or Sorrow?

Cutbeard was call'd to cure Excreſcence,
And bring his *Jaſi'mins* choiceſt Eſſence;
To fill his Perriwig with Powder,
And dab it round about his Shoulder.
Thus very ſmug, and very ſweet,
Dreſt in all Circumſtances neat,
He ſallies forth on bold Adventure,
The charming Lady to encounter;
And *Laurence* with him takes along,
To be his Guarrantee from Wrong,
That he receive no further Harms
Than what come fairly from her Charms:

And

And neither could th' Advantage carry
By their Perfumes Auxiliary.
After Attack betwixt their Cheeks,
(As fitting) firſt *Pendragon* ſpeaks.

Madam, To Maſter *Laurence* I
Pay Thanks for this Felicity;
That he has brought me to ſalute you
With all Devoir, and do my Duty
Unto the faireſt of the Sex
Which our Horizon circumſpects.
Beauty and Wit ſurround your Throne,
And you, like both the Sun and Moon,
Maintain an equal Power and Right
To govern us by Day and Night.

Quarter, (Dread Sir) *Selena* cry'd;
I can't ſo fierce a Charge abide:
I'm altogether inſufficient
To prove your Stock of Ammunition,
And do confeſs my ſelf unfit
T' engage with ſuch a Fund of Wit,

Whoſe

VVhoſe ſtrong Redoubts make all Oppoſers
Retreat, and turn away the Loſers.

I bear no Terrors (quoth the Knight)
VVhich may your Ladiſhip affright.
VVhat I pretend to of Abilities,
VVith all th' Efforts of my Virilities,
A Sacrifice without Reſerve is
Devoted ſolely to your Service.

Beaſts were for Sacrifice of old,
(*Selena* ſaid) as I've been told,
Creatures with Horns and cloven Feet,
VVhich after that were exc'lent Meat,
Firſt broyl'd on th' Altar of Devotion,
Then ſerv'd at Supper for Collation;
VVherewith not only hungry Prieſt,
But VVife and Children made a Feaſt.
Now to ſuppoſe that you were ſlain
On ſuch account, 'twould be profane;
Or were you to be carbonado'd,
He gad! I could not be perſwaded

To

To ſuffer come betwixt my Lips
The tighteſt Bit about your Hips.
And tho' my Kindneſs may be great t' you,
Yet not to that degree to eat you.

(VVhen *Laurence* thus engag'd did ſee
Them in ſlap-daſh at Repartee,
He ſlipt out of the Room unſeen
To find out Miſtriſs *Thomaſine.*)

Quoth Knight, Dear Madam, have a care;
You drive the Metaphor too far.
In Lit'ral Senſe I ſhould be ſorry
To verifie the Allegory,
And run into that raſh Miſtake
VVhich pious *Origen* did make;
VVho, to become more good and gracious,
Parted with Movables ſo precious.
To complement away my Gender,
My ſelf incapable would render
To pleaſure You, and do that Duty
Which I in ſpecial manner vow t' you.

Thank

Thank you (quoth ſhe) that I'm befriended
With ſo much kindneſs but intended;
Altho' your promis'd Reſolution
Be fruſtrate of its Execution:
For 'tis a Truth, *That* Ferdinando
Can do no more than what he can do.
And you ſhall find me ſo well bred,
As to accept the Will for Deed.

That's kindly ſaid, (quoth he) Dear Lady:
But it behoves me to perſwade you
(For Credits ſake, without Denial)
To have this Buſineſs put to Trial.
Suffer my Love to take its Courſe,
And prove its energetick Force.

Softly, good Sir, *Selena* cries;
We 're merry, and we ſhould be wiſe.
Determination of this Matter
May be made time enough hereafter.

We have advanc'd as far as fitting
For any Two at their firſt Meeting.
Blind Love ought to be gently led,
And taught to ſtep, and taught to tread.

Mean while *Pendragon* ſlily ſtrove
To pull from off her Hand a Glove.
She ask'd him if he meant by that
To have it faſtned in his Hat,
And wore thereon, like Wedding-Garter,
To ſhew the Paſſion he did bear t' her;
As *Brunſwick's* Duke the like was ſeen
To do for the *Bohemian* Queen.

(Quoth he) That famous Duke of *Brunſwick*
Saving his Love, was mad and Brain-ſick;
All whoſe frenetick Actions ſhew'd
Him Cruel, Barbarous, and Lewd:
And ſcarce, ſince *Julian* that *Apoſtate*,
Has the Church known a Foe more croſs to't:
For if on Steeple high as *Paul's*
He ſpy'd a Work-man ſtopping Holes,

He

He ne'er ceaſt pelting him with Stone,
Until he foully fetch'd him down;
And ſuch a Fall from Top of Steeple
Muſt beat out Brains, or make a Creeple.

In *Munſters* ſacred *Dome* he ſees
The Twelve Apoſtles Images,
All of ſubſtantial maſſie Plate;
When pond'ring well their Worth and Weight,
After reproachful Speech to th' Statues,
For keeping idle Station *gratis*,
He ſwore he'd make them travel thro'
All Countries, as th' were bid to do.
Then with them (coin'd into Rix-Dollars)
He paid his Army off, and Followers.

To Prieſts he bore ſuch fell Antipathy,
He caus'd them to be ſmitten Hip and Thigh:
Deaf to their miſerable Moans,
Either he cut their Throats or Stones.
But I run on with a Diſcourſe
Unſuitable to Love-Affairs.

She (looking round her with a Frown)
Perceiving *Laurence* was withdrawn,
Inquir'd, and found him not within,
But gone abroad with *Thomaſine*;
Replies, O rare! Your Curate-Thief
Has ſtole away, without my leave,
Not only his own Logger-head,
But hers whom I do call my Maid:
On what particular Pretence,
A little Time will evidence.
At preſent I'm become uneaſie.
Since then my Company can't pleaſe ye,
You being a moſt accompliſh'd Courtier,
Will cut your Viſit ſo much ſhorter.

Madam (quoth he) I'll ne'er diſpute,
Your Will and Pleaſure's abſolute.
Then bowing low, with a loud Smack
He kiſs'd her Hand, and turn'd his Back.

Your Servant, Sir, (quoth she) God b' ye;
Adieu to Love and my Dear Joy——
She softly sung in silent Tone,
Till he was out of hearing gone.
Then smiling said, I've seen enough
Of this Sir *Curly-murly Puff*,
Whose Screams (I'm told) are cursed loud
'Gainst Patriots for the Publick Good:
I'm sure his making Love's a Farce,
In Strains untunable and harsh.
If with his Quail-pipe he decoys
Some heedless o'er-grown Scholar-Boys,
Who with their Money part, to buy
Dear Pen'worths of false Loyalty;
Let him not think that I'll be fed
With his gilt printed Ginger-bread.

Infallibly that Man's in fault
Who calls his Neighbours all to naught.
Trim-tram, such as this Master *Tory*,
Such Man Squire *Hugh*, such Chaplain *Laury*.

Then fretting at the Misbehaviour
Of *Thomasine*, a while we leave her
Riding on *Grubb*, a Trot most sore hard,
And put the Clock a little forward,
To make it just the Time o' th' Year
Of famous *Bartholmean* Fair.
Not that we mean to sing the Matter
Of such Variety for Laughter;
But in brief only to disclose,
Among the many Raree-Shows
Then met to make all *London* Town stare,
There was a Female *German* Monster
Had Scales on one Side, like a Fish,
T' other clear-skinn'd as one would wish;
One Buttock was just like a Horse's,
T' other like other Humane Arses;
Mis-shapen Leggs, and on Feet grows
Members too big for Petit-Toes.
She, the Chief Princess of this Sort,
Could never fail of a full Court,
To pay a Courtier's Complement,
Brought Sir *Pendragon* to her Tent.

t the ſame time, to gratifie
n Itch of Curioſity,
nto the ſame identick Place
indfolded wanton Chance conveys
lena, ſplendid as the Moon,
ell guarded by a *Beau Garconne*.
he Knight, thro' his Sagacity,
d quickly got her in his Eye;
hen moving forward to ſalute her,
e as quickly turn'd about, Sir.
t that, he chang'd his Courſe; ſhe then
s nimbly tack'd about agen;
s he to get the nearer ſtrove,
erceiv'd ſhe hitch'd the further off.
e ſate him down, o'er-whelm'd with Grief,
eſpairing of the leaſt Relief,
ecauſe his Noble Heart was ſunk
own to the bottom of his Trunk.
hile thus in melancholy mood
e chew'd Tobacco and the Cud,
nd at a diſtance, with her Centry,
lena looks for Monſter's Entry,

Laurence and *Thomasine* were got
More close together, piping hot:
Not in a Booth of Monsters frightful,
But where they found it more delightful.
No Puppet-Shews, nor Dancing Bears,
Nor merry Drolls of Strouling Players;
No Tumbling *Andrew*, nor *Jean Pudding*,
Could please them, who were set a brooding,
And hov'ring o're each others Love,
In Box as warm as any Stove.
To noisie Jests they bid Defiance
With Sack and Sugar, Cates and Viands,
And nothing wanting on the Place
To make their am'rous Flames encrease;
Which was perform'd by secret Course,
Unsearchable as is the Source.
Great was their mutual Satisfaction,
Where Passion makes up all the Action,
And Interjection all the Speech,
Description is beyond our reach.
By Thoughts, and in Dumb-shew, the rest
Is with best Eloquence expresst.

Laurence

Laurence thus drawn (as with a Cable)
By this Importance Comfortable,
Had all the Faculties of 's Mind,
To gratifie the Fleſh, reſign'd;
And his acute Intelligences
Were humble Servants to his Senſes.
His Ratiocination far'd ill,
While his Wit work'd beneath his Girdle:
And him th' inſatiate Gypſie drains
Of Money, Blood, and Guts, and Brains.

Among the poignant wiſe Adages,
Recorded by th' *Italian* Sages,
One is, *Prieſts, Women, and the wide*
Ocean, are never ſatisfied.

September's *CANTO*.

ARGUMENT.

Laurence *and* Thomasine's *Proceeding*,
Who make at Westminster *a Wedding*.
A Letter to the Knight does come,
With Present, from he knows not whom;
Which struck him with tormenting Cares,
And dread of Change in State-affairs.

CANTO.

'Tis plain, by what was lately said,
That *Thomasine*'s a cunning Jade;
Who having made a Wit a Fool.
Had the Sense not to let him cool,
But ply'd him with warm Clothes and Kisses,
Till sh' ad accomplished her Wishes,

And

And got him hamper'd with a Padlock
As ſtrong as could be made of Wedlock.

The better to bring this about,
She moſt ſucceſsfully had wrought
Her ſelf into her Lady's Favour,
And her good Grace, as firm as ever:
Which Reconcilement was ſo hearty,
Selena was become a Party,
An Acceſſary to the Chouſe
Of drawing Prieſt into the Nooſe:
Who now grown pamper'd with high Feeding,
Impatient grew to fix his Wedding;
Of which was held Solemnization
(Meerly to give gratification
To his own Humour) on thoſe Days
When *London*-Town was all on Blaze
Juſt Two and twenty Years before,
And *Rome* did brand her for *The Whore*,
When their St. *Peter* mock'd the Fall,
And triumph'd over our St. *Paul*.

Let

Let *Rome* Burleſque the ſame, while we
Regret the ſad Calamity.
The Time's a-coming, not far off,
When we ſhall have our Turn to laugh.

But other Matters preſs us much
To give theſe Nuptials a Diſpatch.
At *Weſtminſter* their Hands were join'd,
And at a Tavern there they din'd;
Its Sign (O wondeful in this Age!)
Was the *Pope's Nuncio*, *Dada's* Viſage.
Selena's Bounty clear'd thoſe Scores,
Beſide a hundred *Louï d' Ors*,
Oblig'd for Portion of the Spouſe,
On Day of Marriage to depoſe.
At Night ſhe gave them a Sack-poſſet,
And with the Stockin Bridegroom's Noſe hit.
Then after all the merry Gueſts
Their Wits diſcharg'd in Bawdy Jeſts,
Selena drew the Curtains cloſe,
And left them to their Diſcompoſe,

Not

Not suffering any one to come at
The marry'd Pair while they consummate.

Pendragon, late oppreſt with Wrong,
Calls out to have his Cauſe come on,
And prays he may no longer wait
His Hearing in the Court of Fate;
With Hopes to have from its Decrees
Allow'd him Coſts and Damages
For Falſehood and injurious Slight,
Wherewith his Miſtriſs did requite
His Love unfeign'd, and ſo debarr'd
Both that and him of due Reward.
Expecting Fortune more benign,
In haſte his Boy came running in,
Tells him a Parcel's left i' th' Paſſage,
By a Porter brought with blund'ring Meſſage,
Who being ask'd, he would not ſay
From whence he came, but run away.
That 'tis a very handſom Packet,
And for his Worſhip's Uſe directed.

Fetch

Fetch it up hither, (quoth the Knight)
I find I'm not forgotten quite:
When the kind Donor will not tell you
His Name, the Preſent's of moſt value.
And here's a Parcel which within has
For certain a good Purſe of *Guinea's.*
But firſt he found, handling the Matter,
That the Direction was a Letter;
Which ſhall be ev'ry Tittle read,
Without the Breaks *Pendragon* made:
And after that is fully done,
We ſhall impart his Notes thereon.

THE

THE SUPER-SCRIPTION.

THESE

To Sir Pendragon *be convey'd,*
At the next Door to Godfrey's *Head,*
In Upper Old-bourn, *toward St.* Giles,
Where there be Two or Three Turn-Stiles,
Deliver,
With a Parcel ty'd,
Carriage paid and ſatisfi'd.

The LETTER.

SIR,

AFter hearty Commendations
Tender'd to you and your Relations;
Hoping your Health's as good a plight in
As mine is at this preſent Writing.

Accept

Accept theſe Lines from unknown Hand,
Yet from a true unfeigned Friend,
Who doing the Duty of Plain-dealer,
Treats you with Terms the more familiar,
To bring y' acquainted with your Sins,
Which very ſeldom Favour wins;
Yet much more Good may work upon you,
Than gath'ring you a little Money,
Than hawking for you up and down,
To pick up here and there a Crown,
From the unwilling Contributor,
Who when hard preſt, is forc'd to do't, or
With his Great Neighbour loſe his Credit:
Thus many 'gainſt the Hair have paid it,
And their own Foolery have blam'd,
For being topp'd upon, and ſhamm'd.

Yet to tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil,
Scarce Man of Honeſty believe will
The Sums that have been gather'd for you,
Of which thou art ſo little worthy,

That

That put thy Merits, nay, put all
Thy Loyalty into one Scale,
And throw a ſingle Braſs Half-crown
In t' other, that ſhall weigh it down.
The only Reaſon, I conceive,
For your extravagant Relief,
May be, that when there's a Collection
Made for the Head of any Faction,
You always greateſt Gathering have
For him who is the greateſt Knave.
So Beggars raiſe Supplies for Want,
By their Felicity of Cant;
Not he that needs it, moſt does get,
But he who beſt can counterfeit:
And 'tis a common thing to pay
Falſe Guides for leading us aſtray.
This, to your former Comfort, you
At others Coſts have found ſo true.
There's an old Proverb, which doth ſay,
That ev'ry Dog ſhall have his Day.
You have had many that are paſt,
Succeſsful to your Intereſt;

Crowds

Crowds of Diſciples you have led on,
Like *Loyola*, or *John of Leyden*;
When many a ſmall High-Prieſt did watch,
Thy precious Oracles to catch,
And preach'd them to their Congregations
In Doctrines, and in Applications.

As a fam'd Traveller once had
His Ordure Sacred Relique made,
When Votaries ſcrap'd clean his Breeches,
So carry'd thoſe to Church thy Speeches,
And did on Sunday following vent
For Holy Truth, thy Excrement:
Which if a wiſer Man then blam'd,
Or diſapprov'd of, he was damn'd.
Till Arbitrary Pow'r, grown ſtrong
And malapert in doing Wrong,
Seiz'd on the Properties of Prieſt:
Thenceforth thy Oracles have ceaſt;
Exploded is thy ſlaviſh Lore,
By thoſe who cry'd it up before;

Who

Who bluſh to have been led aſide
By ſuch an *Hocus-pocus* Guide.
The Blaze your Reputation kindled,
Of late is grown ſo dim, and dwindled,
And with that ſhameful haſte declines,
It with as little Luſtre ſhines
As Glow-worm, or Tobacco-coal,
Or rotten Wood in a dark Hole.
The Time is paſt which thou haſt ſeen,
And ne'er to come about agen.
Let Friar *Bacon*'s Brazen Head
Tell thee, thy Golden Days are fled.

By this time you may grow impatient
To be acquainted with your Preſent,
(One may preſume) and that you're ſcarce well
At eaſe, until you've open'd Parcel.
Prepare your ſelf then, wipe your Eyes,
And ſee how prettily it lies
In Rolls, and Folds, which you may take
Perhaps at firſt ſight for a Snake;

Like one in *Timon's* cover'd Courſe,
To ſting his vip'rous Senators.
But ben't affrighted; on my word,
'Tis but an honeſt Hempen Cord,
A Halter, which alone to you
By your own Hands can Juſtice do;
The due Reward of all your Pains,
And beſt Cure for your Flux of Brains:
Before the *Mobb* ſhall gut your Houſe,
And greater Troubles interpoſe;
With that ſmall Joy you yet poſſeſs,
And ev'ry Day is growing leſs;
While you have ſome Remains of Reaſon,
Prethee make uſe of them in ſeaſon;
And without any more delay,
In ſecret make thy ſelf away.
Dear Rogue, go hang thy ſelf; I vow,
I would not urge thee to it now,
But that it will ſo well become you,
And ev'ry one expects it from you.
'Twill be the moſt Heroick thing,
Reſolv'd like a true *Brentford* King,

Who

Who by his own Hands would have fell a
Sad Sacrifice to dead *Lardella*.
You may give out, *Selena's* Scorn,
Intolerable to be born,
Occasion'd it; and you may feign,
The dire Effects of her Disdain
Cut you so deeply to the Heart,
That it was better to depart
This Life, and end your Miseries,
Than to die daily by her Eyes.

You've read o' th' Queen of *Carthage*, *Dido*,
That dancing, drinking, merry Widow,
When her belov'd *Æneas* shook her
Off, and unworthily forsook her,
She grew the melancholiest Creature
On Earth: She'd wring her Hands, and beat her
Breast, plung'd in rueful Woe: At last,
Convinc'd all Hopes from him were past,
An end to her fell Grief she puts,
By striking Dagger in her Guts.

This uſeful Halter, if you pleaſe,
Would fain afford you the ſame Eaſe,
And free you by convenient Stretch
From growing more and more a Wretch.
Altering the Motion of a Muſcle,
Or ſo, does it without a Buſtle.
More Inſtances I dare engage
To cite, and Arguments alledge,
To prove this Action truly needful,
And graceful for you, tho' 'tis dreadful:
But if you're ſcrupulous to do't,
Let theſe Five Motives preſs you to't.

Firſt then, You far in Years are gone,
And broke in Conſtitution;
Your Vigour fails, and Nat'ral Talent,
Which beſt ſhould fit you for a Gallant,
Is now enfeebled, and become
Already a meer *Pendulum.*
Yet by your Freaks, and Monkey-Tricks,
Do you debauch the weaker Sex.

Not

Not that the ſlender Waſt of Miſs
By you receives a Prejudice;
There your Efforts are ineffectual:
But on their ſlenderer Intellectual,
By the Fop doodle of your Wit,
What horrid Rapes do you commit?
And Raviſhment, you know, is Death,
Anno Dec. Oct. Elizabeth.

Secondly, Once for all to dangle,
Is better than continual Wrangle,
Than Roguing the King's beſt Leige people,
As meriting the Gallow Tripple,
Without affording the leaſt Proof,
As if thy Say-ſo was enough,
And held by Patent *Ipſe dixit*,
Infamy where you pleaſe to fix it.
No Man reputed Loyal was
For his Obedience to the Laws,
And therefore ought to be protected,
But he who did as you directed.

Go hang thy ſelf, ſince *Cæſar's* Due
Is not to be purloin'd by you.

Thirdly, You ought to cloſe your Chaps
By your own Hand, becauſe, perhaps,
Tranſgreſſions by thee perpetrated
Are with that Subtilty committed,
They cannot come within the reach
Of Laws, or Cognizance of *Ketch*;
Yet, if well-weigh'd in their own Nature,
They may be judg'd to merit greater,
And ſhould have Puniſhment ſeverer,
Than either Felon or Burglarer.
Hence therefore you're oblig'd to be
In Equity *Felo de ſe.*

Fourthly, You cannot think it ſtrange
If Times ſhould have a ſudden Change:
Nothing (you know) that's violent
In Nature, can be permanent.
Britannia ſore with Wrongs oppreſt,
Has her Eyes fix'd towards the Eaſt,

And

And ſeems with eagerneſs from thence
To look for a Deliverance.
Such Revolution will for certain
In no wiſe meliorate your Fortune.
The Office may your Houſe enſure,
Yet not your Perſon be ſecure:
For on ſo great an Alteration
The Whipping-poſts throughout the Nation,
The Rods and Axes, Pill'ry, Gibbet,
Will change their Side too, and diſtribute
Due Puniſhments for old Abuſes,
On thoſe who put them to wrong Uſes.
All this may come to paſs, and rotten
Eggs for a little may be gotten.
Rather than (like Sir *Hudibraſs*)
With Orange-tawny Slime your Face,
Some bold unlucky Knave ſhould maul,
Truſs up your ſelf for good and all.
Which brings me to the Fifth and Laſt
Motive to make you tie it faſt.
(For do but you ſecure the Knot,
I'll paſs my Word the Rope holds out.)

Fifthly, You can't for ſhame refuſe
To thruſt your Head into the Nooſe,
Becauſe ſo many of your Followers
At *Tyburn* have wore Hempen Collars.
Thither your Deviliſh Doctrines brought them,
Meerly for doing as you taught them:
Your ſelf the Procatarctic Cauſe
Of their tranſgreſſing of the Laws.
Your *Will i' Wiſp* was their Undoing,
And led the Wretches to their Ruine.
Therefore what I adviſe you, do Man:
You know 'twas uſual with the *Romans*;
Who when he found himſelf in trouble,
Eſteem'd the Practice Brave and Noble
Himſelf by Ponyard to diſpatch:
Why not as Brave, by Rope to ſtretch?
Why ſhould the Rope be reckon'd meaner?
When Sons and Brothers o' th' *Grand Seignior*
Repute it no ignoble thing
To have Death giv'n them by a String.

For

For Uſe then, *Quæ cum ita ſint*,
You'll hang your ſelf, I'm confident.
Let not one Doubt or Fear prevail;
Be reſolute, and you cannot fail.
Farewell; make haſte to Execution;
Do't handſomly; and, for concluſion,
When in th' High-way they've made your Grave,
I'll give you this for *Epitaph*.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies (take notice you that travel)
With Stake of Wood drove thro' his Navel,
That which remains of Sir Pendragon,
A famous Writer not long agone;
Who, when his Ink-bottle was ſpent,
Thus periſh'd in a Diſcontent.
Die with him all Prevarication
On Laws, Religion, Prince, and Nation.

Yours, ——

Yours,—

Yours,—(quoth the Knight) and there's an end.
My what?—— *My precious loving Friend.*
A fine Epiſtle, to collogue
Me to believe my ſelf a Rogue!
Nay, 'twould perſwade me very fain
I am ſo great a Rogue in Grain,
That I without demurring ought
Into this Rope to thruſt my Throat,
And (maugre natural Averſion)
Deſtroy my goodly proper Perſon.
Soft! if I've plaid the Knave, no Rule
From thence, that I muſt play the Fool,
Murder my ſelf, for ſneering Knave
To gibe thereat, and jeer, and laugh.
I'm not from Glory's Precipice
So fall'n, to follow this Advice.——
And then he paus'd.—— But yet I doubt
My Candle is a going out.
This filthy Letter does unfold
More Truth than's fitting to be told,

And

And hits ſome things ſo deviliſh pat,
From *Lapland* it muſt bear its Date.
What but ſome Devil-Scout could tell
That lately all my Preſents fail?
Becauſe I'm ſure no Man alive
Can ever prove a Negative.
And what but ſuch could undermine
Each ſecret Practice and Deſign
That I have driven on of late
Both in Affairs of Church and State?
What elſe could give that ſhameful Tergi-
verſation to me from the Clergy?
And ſome of them who lick'd my Spittle
Sent me perhaps this very Snittle.
What made *Selena* (like a Jilt)
To foſter Love, and then to kill't?
As they who wrote this baſe Epiſtle
Know that ſhe us'd me like a Beaſt, ill.
Yet I muſt yield, for want of Powers
To force the Sex to pay her Scores.
Tho' I briſtle like a Turkey-cock,
I have not half ſo fine a Dock.

'Tis

'Tis as in vain t'attempt to ſpread
My Tail, as it would be to tread:
I'll walk no more amongſt the Hens,
Leſt they find out my Impotence.
A long Farewell to now the ſtupid
And childiſh Fooleries of *Cupid:*
But I've no Reaſon to complain
Of Diſabilities of Brain.
Yet ſhould the Fourth vile Motive prove
A Truth, I may ſee Cauſe enough
To hang my ſelf; I ſhould be a Man
In worſe Condition than was *Haman:*
The very Thoughts whereof do make
My Limbs and Faculties to ſhake;
Becauſe there flies a ſtrong Report
Concerning terrible Effort
Preparing to be made againſt
Our *Tory* Friends, and Popiſh Saints.
But Hope ſays, *Accidents may ſlip*
Betwixt the Cup and upper Lip:
Let not (before the time, ſo ſoon)
My noble Courage be caſt down;

And

And let not Fear with wonder gaze
On what may never come to pass.
I and my Monarch rest secure,
Defended by the double Power
Of potent Army in the Land,
And Judges, who the Laws command.

October's

October's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in Coffee-house
Hear most unacceptable News:
They meet their Match, be'ng told their own
By one to both of them unknown.
Yet Laurence *Tidings doth impart,*
Which puts them both again in Heart.

CANTO.

*P*Endragon, when we left him last,
Promis'd Security and Rest
T' himself, and those of his Adherence;
But ev'ry Day gave less Appearance
(From the black Clouds of threatning Storm)
That he this Promise could perform.

For

For not a Night he laid him down
Without deep Sighs, and many a Groan.
His Anguiſh ſometimes made him Weep;
And if by chance he fell aſleep,
It yielded melancholy Theams
Dire Spectres, and moſt frightful Dreams;
A formidable *Whigg* Hobgoblin,
With Sawcer-Eyes, appears to trouble him,
And running on, with crooked Prongs
Pok'd at Sir Knight, for former Wrongs.
If this withdrew, his Fancy next
A Hempen Apparition vext.

While *Hugh*, kept waking with like Fears,
Betimes unto the Knight repairs,
To ask him whether he could tell
If what was talk'd was credible;
Or knew from out what Trumpet came
This ſtrange Report of tat'ling Fame.
I'm in great hopes (quoth *Hugh*) it flies
From that wherewith ſhe ſcatters Lies.

Pendragon

Pendragon ſaid, I'm not without
Some Fears, and Jealouſies, and Doubt,
That ſuch concurring various Cauſes
Might contribute ſome pretty Croſſes:
But ſaw no danger of Event
To over-turn the Government:
Nor did he think the Tales which flew
About confus'd'ly, could be true.
Yet that they well might underſtand too
The *Quis*, *Quid*, *Quomodo*, *Cur*, *Quando*,
Of this bold Whiſper, Both agreed
To walk with all convenient ſpeed
To the next Coffee-houſe of Fame,
To learn the Certainty o' th' ſame.

Mean while there's not a Word let drop
About th' Adventure of the Rope;
Of which the Knight as little ſaid
As *Hugh* when he was nipt o' th' Head.

Croſſing

Croſſing the Street, it ſo did fall
By chance, that *Hugh* was next the Wall;
For which he doth apologize,
And cries, Sir, let me bluſh for this;
Tis indecorous; nor ſhould I
Take Place of better Quality,
But that a Surdity in Ear ſiniſter
To me much Trouble doth admin'ſter.

The Knight reply'd, Cuſtom and Uſe
Was a ſufficient full Excuſe;
And bid him ſpeak no more of that,
But keep the Wall, and put on's Hat.

When they were come in Coffee-room,
Thro' miſty Clouds of different Fume
Spying one empty Table there,
They ſat them down with prick'd-up Ear.

No ſooner each had call'd for's Diſh,
But enters one with ſmiling Phiz,

With Riding-Whip, and dirty Boots,
And in 'twixt Knight and Squire he puts.
What News? was ask'd by ev'ry Body,
Who had their Anſwers to't as ready.
Yet *Hugh* this Stranger pumps beyond
Good Manners, and the decent Bound
Of Modeſty, that he'd unload
What he had gather'd on the Road.

Sir, quoth *Ignotus*, (ſo an't pleaſe ye
We call the Stranger) You're uneaſie
Methinks, at theſe Reports which fly
About our Ears, beneath the Sky:
Therefore, for Satisfaction, know,
Arthur of *Britain*, like a Crow,
Has gone the World round many a Year,
And juſt now we expect him here.
Which News as ſure and certain is,
As that there was an *Amadis*
De Gaul, a *Fierbras*, or *Guy*
Of Warwick, or of *Burgundy*

A *Lanc'lot de Lake*, and Queen *Genover*,
(Who by none living now were ſeen ever)
A *Britiſh* Lady call'd *Quintanione*,
Who drank as much Wine as did any one:
Yet, ſays the Knight o' th' *Mancha*, thoſe
Muſt not be reckon'd Fabulous.

As ſure as (I dare boldly ſay)
Perſeus reliev'd *Andromeda*,
Prince *Arthur*'s ſailing croſs the Seas,
Even now, *Britannia* to releaſe,
To heal her Wounds, and break the Shackles
Put on her by unnat'ral Rake-hells;
Who by pretence of Loyalty,
Would bring us into Slavery;
And fain would cokes us, or affright,
From Liberties, and Law, and Right:
Who *Rome*'s Religion here would fix,
In Maſſes, and the Crucifix;
And would have nothing more to do
With the *Old Teſtament*, or *New*:

As *Dunkeld's* Biſhop told Dean *Thomas*,
I've liv'd as comfortably as ſome has,
And yet, upon my Word and Troth,
I ne'er read either of them Both.
Look you, Sir, whoſoe'er you are,
I know not, and as little care:
But mind me; We have had of late
Such precious Miniſters of State,
Such Prieſts, and Lawyers, who laid by
Religion, Law, and Property.
Once cry'd a Prieſt of ours, Alas!
Why ſhould we ſtart at hearing Maſs?
We lik'd it once, before we loſt it,
And ſhall again when we are us'd to't.
When introduc'd (over or under)
Twill give us about Nine Days Wonder.
As well might the ſame Gentleman
Have ſaid Nine more for th' *Alcoran.*

Another, ſome few Years before,
Fond of a Popiſh Succeſſor,

In his Addreſs he makes to th' King,
Tells him, to fright him from the Thing,
His next Heir's Diſinheriſon
Was ſuch, that no Religion,
No Law, no Fault, no Forfeiture,
(Take Wind a little, Doctor G——)
Could the ſame alter or diminiſh:
And why not, add to, or repleniſh?
Such was the Learned Doctor's Speech,
As Coblers, who when heard to preach,
Do always go beyond their Laſt,
This out-run Conſtable as faſt,
Who might (upon a due Enquiry)
Have ſeiz'd him on a *Præmunire*.
Thus 'tis when Prieſt will blindly ruſh on
Things quite beſide his Pul|it-Cuſhion.
Suppoſe the next Heir was a Felon,
And caught i' th' very Act of Stealing;
Sure that which takes away his Life,
Will of Succeſſion him deprive.
Which for a Truth you may rehearſe.
Sir, I love Reaſoning in Verſe.

All this did Sir *Pendragon* bear,
Who could not for his Blood forbear
Longer from giving ſmart Reply;
Sir, 'tis a ſawcy Liberty
You take, in making theſe Reflexions
On Stateſmens, Prieſts, and Princes Actions.
You who the Government arraign
For not conforming to your Brain,
To know your Duty better ought,
Or be t' its Rods Submiſſion taught.
'Tis therefore very fitting I
Demand of you Security,
Or make your *Mittimus* unto
A Place where you'd be loth to go.

How! (quoth *Ignotus*) What I've told
Touches your Worſhips Copy-hold.
Have I found where the Shooe doth pinch?
I ſee I make a gall'd Horſe winch.
On ſecond Thoughts you'll take Advice,
And e'er you act, conſider twice;

Suſpend

Suſpend your own Authority
A while, and lay Reſentment by.
Not that I want ſufficient Bail;
But 'tis at preſent under Sail.
I'll be forth-coming, on Parol,
On day of Trial, ſafe and whole.
You hear of ſtrange unuſual Lights
Which in the Skies appear at Nights:
Some wear a diſcontented Look,
That High-Commiſſion Seal is broke,
Now that Old Charters are reſtor'd,
And Councils tend to an Accord.
He that afreſh creates a Squabble,
Diſpleaſes both the Court and Rabble.
'Tis unſafe to lay a Man by th' Heels
Now a Day's coming for Appeals.

Pendragon gnaſh'd his Teeth for Anger,
Not knowing how to deal with Stranger.
Hugh bit his Lips with Indignation,
To hear of Charters Reſtoration;

Grew pale, leſt he who caus'd Surrender
Should be impeach'd for an Offender.
But the Knight mutter'd, Talk's but idle,
Licentious Tongues may meet a Bridle
When leaſt they think to feel Reſtraint.
Then up he roſe, and out he went.
Hugh ſtands and ſtrikes his Fiſt like Muttons
On his own Breaſt, againſt his Buttons.
Quoth he, No Man that wears a Head
Durſt ſpeak the Things that you have ſaid,
Without being call'd t' account therefore:
Then cock'd, and ſtrutted out a-door.
Pendragon made a little Stop
A Piſſing-while, till *Hugh* came up;
Then whiſper'd, as along they ſawnter'd,
What a ſtrange Fellow we encounter'd!
Who, had he what to him belong'd,
Ought to be whipp'd, and rack'd, and hang'd.
A Commonwealths-man, you may ſwear,
By his unlucky Looks, and Fleer;
And in Religion his Opinion
Is *Calviniſt*, or elſe *Socinian*.

I hate

I hate him for the News he told,
Which makes my very Blood turn cold,
Puts me all o'er into a Shiver,
Like a ſtrong Acceſs of a Fever.
Nor can I draw a Right Concluſion
From Things appearing in Confuſion.

O lamentable, Sir, (quoth *Hugh*)
What we have heard's moſt certain true;
And ſhould our Fears too come to paſs,
We're in a miſerable Caſe;
All of us ruin'd and undone,
The Father, Mother, Siſter, Son.
Thus with Complaints moſt dolorous
Hugh waits upon the Knight to's Houſe:
Where *Laurence* met them at the Door,
And, ſeeing them look ſad and ſowre,
Courage, (he cry'd) my worthy Friends,
Much better Fortune us attends,
Perhaps, than may to you be known:
By an Expreſs this Afternoon

Certain

Certain Intelligence is come,
That adverſe Storms have driven home
Th' *Armado*, which it ſeems deſign'd
To reach our Coaſts againſt the Wind.
The Fleet which would have been invading
Our Shore, is on their own unlading.
Strong *Boreas*, and the gentle *Zephir*,
(Thank them) have done their Bus'neſs clever.
And bravely whiſtled in the Poop
Of thoſe who bore ſo briskly up;
Who ſail without the leave of *Neptune*,
And *Æole* better might have kept in,
Than thus to hazard what they've loſt,
That is, their Labour and their Coſt.
A moſt ſevere Rebuff from Fortune.
And now the Days begin to ſhorten,
Now *Sol* curtails his daily Journeys,
No fear in haſte of their Return is.
In Arms next Spring we'll meet our Foes,
And all the Winter ſing *Old Roſe*.

Your

Your welcom News (*Pendragon* ſaid)
Revives and makes my Spirits glad.
In hopes kind Fortune won't forſake us,
We'll make a Sacrifice to *Bacchus*.
Come in, Friend *Hugh*, and honeſt *Laurence*,
I'll find a double Flask of *Florence*;
Of which we'll drink firſt every Man
A Bumper to the Health of *Pan*.
That down, we'll fill and drink another
To beauteous *Syrinx*, happy Mother
Of little *Daphnis*; then a Third
To that young, thriving, hopeful Bird:
And then, Confuſion to all States,
Founded on Piles, and Water-Rats.
So theſe *Canary*'s of a Feather
Do for the preſent flock together.
And 'tis but reas'nable and fit
That ſhort-liv'd Pleaſures ſhould be ſweet.
Menſis Octobris explicit.
So was Authentick *Chaucer* wont
At a full Period or Point
Of the ſame Tale, to cloſe the Joint.

November's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

The laſt Months Rumour true in this is:
And Knight and Squire are broke in Pieces.
The one the others Woe recites,
While Sol *in* Sagittary *ſmites:*
And all unfortunate Preſages
Promiſe them Payment of their Wages.

CANTO.

JUſt as old Time does Seaſons vary,
So does he all Things Sublunary.
Fortune ſtands never at a Bay,
But dances a continu'd Hay
To the ſame Meaſures, and ſame Tune;
As little *Orbis*, Sun and Moon.

Things

Things Good, Bad, and Indifferent are
Making a Tripartite Indenture.
Sometimes the Beſt, and ſometimes Worſt,
Are Firſt, and Laſt; and Laſt, and Firſt.
Of ſome ſweet Pleaſures the Acquaintance
Is dearly purchas'd by Repentance.
Joy ended, turns to Melancholy,
And Wiſdom quits the Chair to Folly.
Sun-ſhine doth for a Time prevail,
Then down it pours in Rain and Hail.
Riches themſelves are brought to (by
Privation of them) Poverty.
Long Luxury and Idleneſs
Make War ſucceed inglorious Eaſe.
Which Aphoriſms, like conj'ring Spells,
Hebrew or Pagan Oracles,
With the ſame eaſe may be read backward,
And teach us how this World is checquer'd.
As, War brings Poverty and Peace;
And, When 't has rain'd enough, 'twill ceaſe.
Health follows Sickneſs; Plenty, Dearth;
And, Sorrow is reliev'd by Mirth.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure ariſes from Diſaſters;
And, Sores are cur'd by healing Plaſters.
Fortune the Riches may encreaſe
Of one ſo poor he ſcarce can piſs,
And ſuch like intermediate Changes
Turn on Occaſions pliant Hinges.
An Evil and a Happy Day
By Turns each other will repay.
The faulty Curate, Squire, and Knight,
So lately wrapp'd in falſe Delight,
Are now to drink unwelcom Doſe;
And, *Sweet Meat muſt have ſowr Sawce.*

The Mirth which with the Flask was brought,
Almoſt as ſoon as That, was out.
Approaching Changes in the State
Alarm'd our wiſe *Triumvirate*,
And made them ſhake their Ears, and riſe
From their miſtaken Paradiſe.
With Conſternation they were ſtruck,
And ſhew'd it plainly in their Look;

And

And the moſt wiſe amongſt them knew
Not what to think, or ſay, or do,
Convinc'd that *Laurence*'s glad Tiding
They could no longer now confide in;
Hearing the Wind about had turn'd,
And quite contrary News confirm'd.

For Carriers, Travellers, and Poſt,
Not only told, that *Arthur*'s Hoſt
Was landed: but Bells jolly Ringing,
And Peoples merry Looks and Singing,
Proclaim'd the glad Intelligence
Of the Deliverer's Advance.

As *Hugh* walk'd out, a Raven o'er
His Head flew croaking,—— *Come a-ſhore.*
To ſhun that Sight, he downward looking,
Spy'd wrong ſide outward of his Stockin;
And when at Dinner, by miſhap,
He ſpilt the Salt in his own Lap.
Then haſtning to *Pendragon*'s Houſe,
Three Drops of Blood fell from his Noſe.

Entring

Entring he ſtumbl'd at the Threſhold,
And had fal'n, had he not caught freſh Hold.
All which ill *Omens*, ſo tremendous,
Made *Hugo* ſigh, *Ye Powers defend us.*

The Knight receiv'd him with an Air
Diſcloſing Grief and ſad Deſpair;
Not bid him Welcom, or Sit down;
But wrapp'd up in his Studying-Gown
The thoughtful Sir *Pendragon* ſate,
Moſt wofully diſconſolate,
Depriv'd a while as much from Speech
As when *Selena* turn'd her Breech.
Hugo, no leſs concern'd, was fretted,
And felt his Spirits agitated;
Who thus accoſts the Knight, Your Silence
Was not ſo great, when but a while hence,
Sir, you could laugh, and talk, and drink:
Now, Sweet Sir, tell me what you think.
They're landed, and advance; I pray,
What is thy Counſel? Prethee ſay,

What

What 'tis that you deſign to do?
Sir, (quoth the Knight) What's that to you?
Your Queſtion's inſolent and baſe;
I liv'd before I ſaw your Face,
And ſhall know how to ſteer my Courſe
Unaided by your Silver Spurs.

If this be all that I (quoth *Hugh*)
Can for an Anſwer get from you,
I ask no Succour from your Gilt ones;
Your Par'diſe is as loſt as *Milton*'s:
Your Friend, the Devil, call'd *Old Nick*,
Has ſerv'd you but a ſlipp'ry Trick,
And keeps himſelf at greateſt diſtance
When you've moſt need of his Aſſiſtance.
I thought the Articles, when drawn
Betwixt you, had been made more ſtrong,
The mutual Compact and Agreement
Been ſeal'd with a more laſting Cement;
Not to determine at a Day,
But hold for Ever and for Aye:

So that no Chance of War, no Change
In Church or State, could make you ſtrange
To one another, once ſo loving,
And in one Int'reſt interwoven.

Quoth Sir *Pendragon*, You're a Puppy
To talk thus, and 'tis time to ſtop you.
A ſawcy Jackanapes you are,
Or turn'd as mad as *March*'s Hare.
You ſhould be ſhackl'd, and ſent home,
And lock'd up in a darken'd Room,
Blooded and purg'd, to keep you quiet,
With Meal and Water for your Diet;
Freſh Straw, yout Hair cloſe cut, or Shaving
Your Coxcomb, to prevent its raving.

Quoth *Hugh*, You're ſooner like to find
A Lodging of another kind:
Be ſent to the ſame Place again
Where you in former Days have lain,
Safely by Locks and Bars ſecur'd,
Betwixt thick Walls of Stone immur'd:

The

The Room not dark, ſhall yield you Light
Enough for you to ſee to write;
Where Sun-ſhine, Rain, Beetles, and Gnats
Shall play betwixt the Iron Grates.
The Walls embelifht with the Slime
Of Snails, which winding upward climb:
In ev'ry Corner of the Room
A Spider working at her Loom:
Viſits from Courteous Rats and Mice,
Millions of Philanthropick Lice,
Unwillingly will meet abſterſion
From cloſe adherence to your Perſon:
With great variety of ſwarming
Inſects, and pretty ſort of Vermin.

Thou tak'ſt a wonderful delight
In thy own Prate, (reply'd the Knight)
But canſt thou think that I ſhall take it,
Without belabouring thy Jacket?
Or fairly breaking of the Scull
Of ſuch a groſs inſipid Fool;

Whom nothing can retrieve, ſo loſt in
His Wits, but Cudgels and Dry-baſting.

(Quoth *Hugh*) before you go to Blows,
Think what you're like to get or loſe.
Tho' I ſo Low, and you ſo Tall,
Your Haughtineſs may catch a Fall;
And when I've got you underneath,
Should you eſcape with any Teeth,
With Limbs un-broke, or Life, I dare ſay,
'Twill be all owing to my Mercy:
Or if I leave that Noſe your Face on,
Thanks to my Bowels of Compaſſion.

Hear me (quoth Knight) e'er Paſſion riſe
To theſe moſt dire Extremities.
Before you further me provoke
To ſuch an all-confounding Stroke
As may prove fatal to Squire *Hugh*:
'Twere better timely he withdrew;
'Tis worth his while t' avoid the Blow,
And while Skin's whole, to keep it ſo;

To

To fly from Lord and Master's Anger,
Before 'tis grown to too much Rancour.

So then (quoth *Hugh*) since both to quarrel
Are thus agreed, whichever Barrel
Betwixt us be the better Herring,
Give me, before we part, a Hearing.
You've been a sort of Lord and Master
To me and many in Disaster;
But such an one as no Description
Will suit, but that of an *Ægyptian*,
Expecting from us Labour hard,
And Toil, without the least Reward.
Thou'rt Author of our Griefs and Ails,
But never got us any Veils.
Is it enough to call me Friend,
Without a Peny Dividend?
Crosses indeed I've shar'd, but not
One Cros in all the Coin you've got;
Maugre your specious Promises,
And cheating me of all my Fees;

Maugre the Sums that you have gather'd,
My Neſt's not much the better feather'd.
Take notice, that I let you know,
I'll not go Snips with you in Woe.
I doubt not but to make good ſhift,
When thou art ſadly run a-drift.
Whatever Turn of Times we ſee,
My Legs ſhall be at Liberty,
When yours, committed to a Jayl,
Shall lie without Mainpriſe or Bail.

So, (quoth *Pendragon*) like a Dolt
Thou wiſely haſt diſcharg'd thy Bolt:
'Tis n't ſtrange when Cowards and Poltrons
The Cauſe they have eſpous'd, renounce;
Who make by their vile treachrous Fears
The weakeſt ſometimes Conquerors.
Thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf too ſoon,
And doſt, before thou needeſt, run:
You change your Side, before you know
On which Side Victory will go.

But ſhould the Foe receive Defeat,
I'll ſtop you from a freſh Retreat.
No petty Riot in the Weſt
Of Loyalty ſhall me diveſt;
Not *Arthur* ſhall obſtruct the Courſe
Of my all-conqu'ring Monarch's Force.

Tho' 't may be ſo, (quoth *Hugh*) it is
More likely to be otherwiſe:
Becauſe I'm very confident
You're not ſo blind and ignorant
As not to know, Shoals of Deſerters
Run daily into *Arthur*'s Quarters.
His Army gathers like a Snow-ball,
While t' other only grows in trouble;
As plainly may be ſeen (I' fack!)
By th' Face of ev'ry *Teague* and *Mac*,
Who frighted, ſtarts at his own Shadow.

Be gone, thou ſcoundrel Renegado,
Take that ill-boading Phiz (quoth Knight)
Henceforth for ever from my Sight.

For ever then (quoth *Hugh*) farewell;
And in my Breaſt, where Love did dwell
To thankleſs Knight, let Hatred come,
With Wrath, and fill up all the Room.
Let me with Scorn as much deſpiſe
The Blockhead I once thought was wiſe.

Pendragon could for's Skin and Bones
No longer put up theſe Affronts,
Nor more ſuch Provocations bear;
But up he riſes from his Chair,
(With much ado he did refrain
From medling with his Sword or Cane)
Takes *Hugh* by th' Shoulder, and *per* Force
Thruſt him directly out of Doors.
Which, tho' it vex'd him to the Guts,
Yet walking forth, he cocks and ſtruts.

Pendragon, in diſtracted Thought,
Now found it time to caſt about

What

What Courſe was beſt to ſave his Bacon,
Suppoſe his Cauſe ſhould be forſaken.
Like *Hugh* he could not ſave himſelf,
Becauſe he wanted *Hugo*'s Pelf:
And, for Offences more notorious,
He fear'd Cataſtrophe inglorious.
The great *Volpone* was at a ſtand,
Driv'n, by his Fears, to his Wits end.
The' crafty, but diſtreſs'd *Ulyſſes*
Himſelf moſt wofully bepiſſes.

December's

December's *CANTO.*

ARGUMENT.

In haſte Selena *gets a Spouſe.*
Laurence *in haſte from his gets looſe;*
Who croſs'd the Seas, with many more,
Whom guilty Conſciences made ſcowr.
Hugo *runs in, with Coin compounds.*
Pendragon *in Deſpair abſconds.*

CANTO.

ONE Labour more (Dear *Arethuſe*)
Thou canſt perform beyond a *Muſe:*
For none of them, like thee, can ſing
Of Scowring and of Scampering;
Who learnt to play at *Hide-and-Seek*
When *Alpheus* put thee to the Squeek.

Perform

Perform this Task which I impoſe
Upon thee, and I'll let thee looſe.
But it will prove like that which ſhuts well
All *Homer*'s *Iliads* in a Nut-ſhell.

Since *Phœbus* laſt was in the *Balance*,
Selena had try'd all her Gallants,
Search'd each Man's Humour, Wit, and Perſon,
Eſtate in Preſent, and Reverſion:
And having weigh'd them all, ſhe found
Sir *Grog'ram* heavieſt many a Pound;
Who had not only the beſt Purſe,
But took the moſt obliging Courſe.
Whats'e'er ſhe ask'd, he granted all;
His Love was Unconditional.
She was ſupply'd of ev'ry Want,
And unconfin'd without Reſtraint:
While he conſented to be ty'd,
And make all binding on his Side.
What Woman can on Terms like thoſe
A Husband get among the *Beaus*?

Beau

Beau would be free himſelf, yet have
His Wife a perfect *Indian* Slave.

Pendragon, grown both Old and Poor,
She ſlighted; but a great deal more,
For that ſo much concern'd he was
In the declining *Tory*-Cauſe,
Now like to bring him to a Nooſe
Much worſe than that of Married Spouſe.

'Twas ſhe, aſſiſted by *Whigg*-Friend,
Who jointly did compile and ſend
That Roguiſh Letter, and the Cord,
Which he was told of afterward.
The more ſhe ſaw the Times unſettl'd,
She grew the more agog and nettl'd
To marry; for her Character
Was to do nothing Regular.
Since Hand-maid *Thomaſine* was gone,
Friend, Servant, and Companion
In her was loſt; but yet ſhe found
No Woman in the verſal Round

E'er

E'er met Encouragement to Wed
On Terms ſo advantageous made:
So, without any further arguing,
She boldly ſtruck the Marriage-Bargain,
And ſwore ſhe'd try't, whate'er it coſt her,
Tho' undone, as Man undoes Oyſter.
To whom we have no more to ſay,
But ſend the Violins away,
The Drums, the Trumpets, and Haut-boys,
To wiſh them all the thundring Joys.

Mean time, one melancholy Morn,
About *Sol*'s entring *Capricorn*,
As *Thomaſine* lay faſt a ſnorting,
Laurence lay thinking of His Fortune.
Unwilling to diſturb her Sleep,
He ſlily out of Bed did creep,
Groping for Slippers underneath,
He brought out a Glaſs-bottle, with
This Paper Label fix'd thereon,
Aqua Te-tra-chi-ma-ga-gon:

Which

Which Sentence ſtruck him ſo, he took hold
(Being ſatisfied he was a Cuckold)
Of *Thom'ſine's* Head-clothes, whom with Shriek
Moſt diſmal, he compell'd to wake:
Then cry'd, Look here, (my precious Evil,
Fit to be married to the Devil)
What a Diſcov'ry have I made!
Thou damnable confounded Jade.
She ſoon obtain'd her Breath, and ſhe
Was not behind in Repartee;
When the beſt Words in eithers Speech
Were *Whore* and *Rogue*, and *Dog* and *Bitch*:
Which Decency will not repeat,
Nor will our Brevity admit.
Laurence grown ſenſible beſide
Of the quick Turning of the Tide;
Finding both Spouſe and Times too hot
For his abiding on the Spot;
Reſolv'd, ſince he could have no Room here,
Straightways to pack off to *St. Omar.*
And in the Turning of ones Back
Behold him under Sail of Smack.

Thom'ſine

Thomʃine put Finger in her Eye
At Parting, but ſhe could not cry;
When all ſhe ſaid was, Since 'tis ſo,
As he came, lightly, let him go.

Many with *Laurence* put to Sea,
And ſome of Higheſt Quality.
The Mixture was as univerſal
As that of Grand Dance in *Rehearſal.*
Here a fat Friar may be ſeen
Shouldring and fidling to a Queen:
A Foot man there in Cabin thruſt is
With one but late a Lord Chief-Juſtice.
A Prelate, lately clad in Purple,
Stuck 'twixt a Laundreſs and a Tarpol.

So may be ſeen, in the ſame Cellar,
In *London*-Town, of ſome cloſe Dweller,
Cold Scraps ſet by, with Shooes and Sandals,
Raw Joint hung up near Pound of Candles,
Drink-Barrel, Cobwebs, Culm, and Coal,
Behind the Door the Privy-hole.

As diffrent Sort did now embark,
As once were ſtow'd in *Noah's* Ark:
But only thoſe were Beaſts and Fowl,
And theſe had once a Humane Soul;
Which now transform'd to that of Hare,
Was put in ſuch a Fright and Scare,
That ev'ry pitiful *Crowdero*,
That could but tune or ſing *Burlero*,
Beyond-Sea drove the flying Heroe.
Ev'n Fear in Triumph rides and ſeizes
All Sorts now; (Pardon *Catechreſis*)
Not only thoſe who were ſurrounded
With Guilt, were by its Terrors wounded;
But Men of Honeſty *Britannick*
Were ſtrangely ſtruck with Horror Panick,
As if Old *England* was to periſh
By a ſmall Handful of Wild *Iriſh*;
Towns burnt, Throats cut i' th' Neighbourhood,
Tho' no Man ſaw nor Smoak nor Blood.
Yet the falſe terrible Alarms
Provok'd the Peaſant to his Arms.

Great

Great was the Out-cry in its kind,
Which, carry'd on the Wings o' th' Wind,
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind.
Tho' ſoon the frightful Dream was o'er,
And Foes, Fears, Danger, out of door.
Who fell on *Thurſday* in a Swoon,
Oppreſs'd with Laughter, tumbled down
On *Friday* Morning, for the Cauſe
Of Terror ſo ridiculous.
So ſoon the Innocent were freed
From Harm and Peril, Fear and Dread.
But to th' Obnoxious, various Ill
Doth threaten to continue ſtill.

Tho' *Hugo* was laſt Month o'er-run
So far with Superſtition,
Made by ill-boading Birds afraid,
Which muted (as they flew) on's Head;
Yet he took Heart-a-grace, and try'd,
By the quick changing of his Side,
His Neck and Subſtance both to ſave,
For all he' ad plaid ſo much the Knave.

Perceiving where his Bread was butter'd,
(Himſelf equipp'd and well accouter'd)
Away he gallops on his Horſe,
Until he met with *Arthur*'s Force;
Whom he ſhakes kindly by the Hands,
And cries, You're welcom, my dear Friends:
This is the joyful Day indeed
When we ſhall be from Bondage freed:
The Popiſh Prieſts and Emiſſaries
Rub off in Miſts, like juggling Fairies;
Our Properties are laid a whitning,
And our Foes fly away like Lightning.

Strangers believ'd the Man ſpoke true,
Becauſe they ſaw him clad in Blue;
And if it was Diſſimulation,
He manag'd it with great Diſcretion.
He patiently Reproaches bore
From thoſe who knew him heretofore;
And if he met with Kick or Cuff,
Put it up quietly enough.

Who

Who of his paſt vile Actions told,
Had his Mouth ſtraightways ſtopp'd with Gold.
Hugh's open Purſe was held in Common,
And many a Friend he made with *Mammon.*
He now ſtands (having paid his Fine)
Rectus in Curia, by his Coin.

Not ſo *Pendragon*, whom we ſaid
Was ſore afflicted and diſmay'd:
He knew not where he beſt could ſtay,
Nor had the Power to run away.
If ſeiz'd, he muſt expect to fare
Alike with *Æſop*'s Trumpeter:
His pleading that he ne'er drew Blood,
Would do him very little good;
Himſelf not fighting, only was
An Aggravation to his Caſe;
Becauſe it was moſt evident,
That he had been an Inſtrument
To blow the Bellows of Deſtruction,
Who ſhares more Guilt than he who looks on.

A Tyrant in his raging Fits
Owes half the Murders he commits
To ſcoundrel Cowards, who incenſe
Him with the ſpecious Pretence,
That Cutting Throats, and Deſolation,
Is for the Publick Good o'th' Nation;
That driving Subjects from their Dwelling,
Is but to hinder their Rebelling;
To burn, and ſtab, and hang, and flea,
Means of expelling Hereſie;
And the well-exercis'd Dragoon
Fitteſt to plant Religion;
That Monarchs who the ſame won't licence
Ought to be made away with Poyſons.

Sick at the Heart *Pendragon* grew,
And as unſav'ry as a *Jew:*
It cut him to the very Soul
To meet with nothing but Controul;
To find the Politicks he taught
Were render'd falſe, and worſe than naught.;

His

His Wit, ſo ſharp in the Lampoon
On *Mobb*, was by the *Mobb* run down;
And for the Crimes his Wit committed,
By *Mobb* he fear'd to be *De Witted.*
All his Offences with his Pen
VVere by the ſame paid home again:
Expos'd and made ridiculous,
And pepper'd worſe than *D'avenant*'s Mouſe,
VVhich got (poor Thing!) a Pocky Clap:
But a more fatal dire Miſhap
Impended o'er *Pendragon*'s Head;
For when an Act of Grace was read,
(Pardon almoſt for ev'ry Crime
VVas granted to the preſent Time)
He heard (poor harmleſs VVretch!) by Name
Himſelf excepted in the ſame.

Nay then (quoth he) where-e'er I go,
The Halter ſtill does me purſue.
Of all the Friends I lately had,
There's none in Circumſtance ſo bad.

Laurence,

Laurence, who parted with his Faith,
VVith a falſe Conſort parted hath;
VVelcom to his Fraternity,
He's ſafe enough, from Hanging free.

Madam, once Darling of my Soul,
Has plaid the Jilt, but not the Fool:
She's married to a wealthy Cit,
And Money far ſurpaſſes VVit.

Witneſs that Rogue my *quondam* Squire,
Lately ſo much at my devoir,
Abus'd me groſly to my Throat,
And turn'd (without a Bluſh) his Coat.
His having Money, makes the Knave
Now in his Life and Fortunes ſafe.
Eas'ly that Wretch doth Scandal ſlight,
Who ſaves his Life and Subſtance by't.

My Life's on Wing, my Fortune's flown,
And Infamy ſurvives alone.

A *Diego's*

A *Diego's* Will before my Death,
(When I have Nothing to bequeath)
Would but expoſe me to the Mock
Of all Men for a Laughing-ſtock.

Strange Things my Fancy doth preſage;
It ſets before my Eyes a Sledge,
By which there ſtands, with uncomb'd Hair,
A Blear-ey'd Executioner,
With Night-cap, Halter, Saws, and Knife,
Prepar'd to take away my Life.
My Ears hear nothing but the Knell
And Sound of St. *Sepulchre's* Bell.

The *Turks* believe, and *Tunquineſe*,
That Death moſt Honourable is
Which ſheds no Blood thro' any Hole,
But keeps the Skin intire and whole:
Then Hanging they muſt needs prefer.
But what make Saws and Hatchets there?
Avaunt—— My Brains grow hot, and burn;
And tho' I can't, yet they may turn,

And

And ſo may prove the happieſt Remedy
That can aſſiſt me in Extremity.

Mean time, theſe frightful Sentiments
Do not become a Man of Senſe,
A celebrated Wit to cry,
Becauſe he is about to die.
For ſhame! Since Pow'r is left me yet
To walk, and talk, and drink, and eat,
I Life enjoy, and ſo long hope
That I may ſlip beſide the Rope.
Which to effect, it will be wiſe
To put my ſelf in ſuch Diſguiſe
That none can know me, and then skulk
Cloſe under a Tranſlator's Bulk.

THE

THE CLOSE.

THE *Farce* is ended: What remains
Will not become our *Dogg'rel* Strains.
Let a refin'd Heroick Verſe
Great *Arthur*'s Hiſtory rehearſe:
Be That committed to the Care
Of wiſe *Apollo*'s Son and Heir,
Who all (ſo wondrous are his Merits)
His Father's Faculties inherits.
His Cures extend to Humane Kind,
Diſeas'd in Body and in Mind;
Expells the Modern Malady
Which had o'er-run our Poetry.
His Verſe, ſo purg'd and fin'd from Droſs,
Exalted, others doth ſurpaſs

Far as the *Heroe* whom he ſings
Excells all other Mortal Kings.

Burleſque may ſerve us to remove
(Wheel-barrow-like) our Dunghills off;
To clear the Rubbiſh from our Home:
But He muſt ſing of *King Dom. Com.*

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